

AUG 27 '12

AUGUST 29, 1912

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Leslie's

THE PEOPLE'S WEEKLY



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De Luxe Edition, 17 x 21 inches

THE DE LUXE
Edition is especially designed to meet the demand of bank officials for a large reproduction of this popular picture.

The heavy plate paper upon which this edition is printed brings out every color quality. It is warm in tone yet dignified, making a very desirable picture to hang in a prominent place in the most expensively furnished office, club or home.

We will send you postage paid a De Luxe Edition of the First National Bank for \$2.00.

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New York.

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Leslie's

THE PEOPLE'S WEEKLY

THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER IN THE UNITED STATES

ALL THE NEWS IN PICTURES

"In God We Trust."

CXV.

Thursday, August 29, 1912

No. 2973

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Safeguards at Lowest Cost
the Wife, the Children, the Home

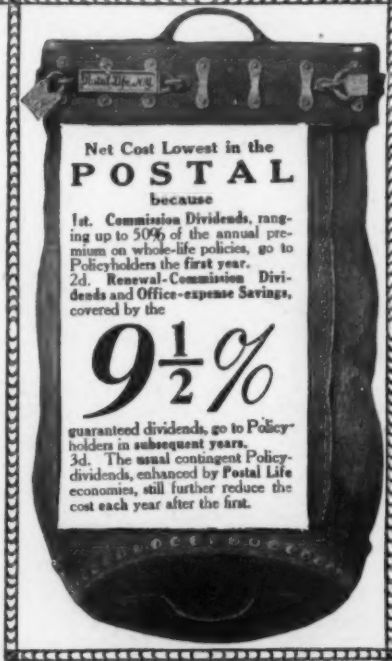
Postal-Life Child's - Welfare Policy

The welfare of the child—some child—is ever on the minds of most men and women—the thoughtful, unselfish ones.

This means not alone food and clothing, but education, for in these progressive days the young man or woman without a good education is handicapped, to say the least.

But education isn't always so easy. Grammar school and high school, yes; for the youngsters live at home and the cost doesn't seem to count.

It is another matter when high-school days are over and the next step—the necessary step—must be seminary or college.



Just at this critical point, the lack of a few hundred dollars in cash has prematurely sent many a boy and girl into the store, office or factory to struggle along for years at scanty wages because they lacked the educational equipment to get ahead quickly.

What a life-sacrifice—this lack of means to even start the young folks right!

The Right Way to Start the Young Folks

Some parents may think that by the time the child grows up the money will come somehow, but it will hardly "come" unless provided for in advance by systematic saving—the easy way.

What a fine situation if when the young man or woman reaches twenty there is available, let us say, an endowment of \$1,000, payable in four yearly payments, being the proceeds of a matured Child's-Welfare Policy!

The way is opened to fulfill every parental obligation to assist the child into a professional or business career; and the Policy also includes certain specified insurance protection, as well.

Let us tell you about this special Child's - Welfare Policy—its options, advantages, benefits and moderate cost.

At the same time, let us give you particulars about insurance for yourself: the POSTAL LIFE issues all the standard forms of protection for men, women and young people.

In any case simply write and say:

"Mail insurance particulars as mentioned in LESLIE'S for August 29th.

No agent will be sent to visit you: the Company dispenses with agents.

If you want figures for a child be sure to give age: if you simply wish personal particulars give

1. Your occupation.
2. The exact date of your birth.

Postal Life Insurance Company

The Only Non-Agency Company in America
Wm R. MALONE, President
35 Nassau St. New York



Postal Life Building

STRONG POSTAL POINTS

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- Fourth: Operates under strict State requirements and subject to the United States postal authorities.
- Fifth: High medical standards in the selection of risks.
- Sixth: Policyholders' Health Bureau arranges one free medical examination each year, if desired.

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Tennis Court
Size 9 x 12 inches

PLAY tennis? Then this picture is just what you want for your wall. A special artist color proof on heavy plate paper suitable for framing is yours for 25 cents.

It would be an ideal picture for a present—it's such an attractive picture that it looks as though it cost a good deal more than 25 cents.

You surely have a friend who is a tennis player if you are not. This friend will most certainly appreciate a picture like this. Suppose you send him one.

You will find a great variety of pictures in the Judge Art Print Catalogue. If you want one add 10 cents to your remittance.

Judge

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me Tennis Court with Catalogue.
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A Bearer of American Good Will to Japan.

Hon. Philander C. Knox, Secretary of State of the United States, who was sent by President Taft as a special envoy to represent the United States at the funeral of Emperor Mutsuhito. This was the first time in our history that a Secretary of State was designated as a special ambassador to a foreign power. The purpose of Mr. Knox's mission was to show the respect and friendship of the United States for Japan. By special request of the President, Mrs. Knox accompanied her husband, and the President directed Rear-Admiral Alfred Reynolds, commander-in-chief of the Pacific Reserve Fleet, and Brigadier-General John J. Pershing, commanding the Department of Mindanao, Philippine Islands, to join Mr. Knox, as representatives of the Navy and Army. (See article on page 205.)

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LESLIE'S WEEKLY

Vol. CXV—No. 2973

August 29, 1912

Price 10 Cents



A UNIQUE OUTDOOR FEAST IN CALIFORNIA.

The "Governor's Trout Breakfast," given by the Inyo Good Roads Club, of Inyo County, California, on the bank of Owens River, thirty miles above Bishop, Cal., on El Camino Sierra, in honor of Carl Westerfield, the official representative of Governor Johnson, of California. The Governor is the Progressive nominee for Vice-President. This was the club's second function in honor of official recognition from a Governor of the State. The occasion was one of great good feeling.

EDITORIAL

Try It Now!

GENERAL GRANT once said, in his quiet but impressive manner, that the best way to secure the repeal of a bad law was to enforce it. That was a homely way of expressing a vigorous truth, and it has been frequently quoted with approval.

It is too bad that some of us learn only by our own bitter experience. It is always safer to learn by the experience of others. It is cheaper, too.

Thousands of workingmen all over this country, who passed through the experience of the tariff-smashing program of 1893, know what that program means; but when they try to tell the story, the younger generation laughs at them. The young men want their own experience. Why not let them have it?

If this country desires to try another experiment with a low tariff, why not try it now? Two months' experience will be sufficient to satisfy the voters of this country whether they believe in sustaining or in smashing the policy of protection to American wages and American capital.

President Taft vetoed the bills to smash the wool and steel tariffs. He did this solely on the ground that they disregarded the principle of protection to the American wage-earner and to the capital invested in our great industries.

In his veto of the wool bill, the President said that it went too far and would injure the American woolen industry seriously. But he added that he would sign a bill to reduce the duty on wool and on cloths "within the requirements of protection" and in conformity with the recommendations of the tariff board's report. This was a fair, square offer to reduce the woolen schedule conservatively, moderately and satisfactorily. If the tariff had not been simply made a question of politics, the President's suggestion would have been accepted with alacrity. Half a loaf is better than no bread.

So, in his veto of the steel reduction bill, the President said, "I am not willing to approve legislation of this kind, which vitally affects not only millions of workingmen and the families dependent on them, but hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of stocks of goods in the hands of storekeepers and distributors generally, without first providing for a careful and disinterested inquiry into the conditions of the whole industry." The President added that he was not prepared to say that there were no items in this steel schedule which might not well be reduced, but he wanted a reduction based on a "non-partisan study of the facts," such as had been provided for by the appointment of a tariff board.

The plain truth is that the tariff-smashers did not

want to pass the bills they talked about so much. Confession of that fact is made boldly, almost shamelessly, by the well-informed Washington correspondent of the *New York Times*, a newspaper that is an ardent supporter of Governor Wilson and a vigorous opponent of the protective policy. Under date of August 15th, he makes this remarkable exposure. The italics are ours.

From a political point of view, the Democrats are well pleased with this outcome. Though they have appeared to make every effort to effect the adoption of their measures and, to the extent of overriding two vetoes, have succeeded better than they did last year, *their one great fear this session has been that their bills would become laws*. On the eve of election, the political effect would inevitably have been bad, and no possible good to the Democratic party could have resulted. A financial boom in the summer is out of the question, so that there would be nothing to credit to the tariff revision. On the other hand, Republican employers would very probably cut wages and advance prices and throw the blame on the Democratic policy. Furthermore, with tariff bills enacted, the tariff question would cease to be a live issue and the Democrats would be stripped of their sharpest weapon for the coming campaign.

The mistake of the Republican leaders was in not accepting every tariff-smashing bill urged upon Congress. A wholesale onslaught on our protected industries all along the line would have precipitated such a disturbance of business—involving either a general reduction of wages or a closing of the factories—that the people would have quickly comprehended the difference between the policy of protection and the policy of a tariff for revenue only.

It would be a sad and unnecessary experience once more to find the factory closed and the soup-house open. But if the people want it once more, why not let the people rule?

Sneak!

EVERYBODY hates a sneak. That is why the leading newspapers of the country so bitterly denounced the sneaking method of loading appropriation and other bills in Congress with all sorts of demagogic schemes. The Panama Canal bill was one of the most notorious of these sneak measures.

It purported to be simply an "act to prepare for the opening, maintenance, protection and operation of the Panama Canal and the sanitation and government of the canal zone," but turns out to be, as the *New York World*—a vigorous supporter of the Democracy—calls it, "a jumble of injustice, an omnibus bill, into which has been crowded the repudiation of treaty obligations, the acceptance of ship subsidies and free ships, the forcible exclusion of railroads from water transportation, an attempt to confer upon a commission the power to decide what trusts are good and what trusts are bad, and a shocking avowal of indifference, if not hostility, to the great purposes of humanity and civilization that have been crystallized in the treaties of arbitration."

The *New York Herald*, with all its Democratic

leanings, cannot stand for sneak legislation of this character, and says, in denouncing the Panama bill, "It is the work of professional politicians and hare-brained demagogues. It is the latest phase of the insane campaign against railways. 'Anything to beat Grant!' has become, with the party leaders of to-day, 'Anything to cripple the railways!'" Professor Franklin H. Giddings, of Columbia University, says that every congressman who voted for this sneak canal bill should be put on "a list of infamy" by the good citizens of this country.

It may interest our readers to observe that on this "list of infamy" will be found nearly all the so-called "Progressive" reformers and uplifters who have been making the noisiest demonstrations in favor of the "dear people" at Washington, while those who stood steadfastly for maintaining the nation's honor include such eminent "standpatters" as Senators Root, Crane, Lodge, Gallinger, Wetmore, Penrose, Oliver and others.

Comment is unnecessary!

Getting in Touch with Neighbors.

THERE was no secret or mysterious motive behind the recent visit of Secretary of State Knox to the Caribbean republics, and its good results rapidly are becoming apparent. In a speech at the dinner of the Pan-American Society of the United States, at which were present all the ambassadors and ministers from the Latin-American nations, Secretary Knox pointed out that the primary purpose of his visit of courtesy to "the hospitable sons and daughters of the Caribbean republics" was simply to promote a closer sympathy between Latin America and the United States. Our relations with Central and South America during recent years have not been so intimate as our earlier interest, vouched for in the promulgation of the Monroe Doctrine.

Lack of mutual acquaintance and understanding has been a handicap in our diplomatic and commercial relations. The visit of Secretary Knox will be fruitful in overcoming this handicap. "The principal motive of my mission," said the Secretary, "was to make the approaching opening of the Panama Canal the text of a message of fraternal greeting to all the peoples within the immediate sphere of the benefits that great work is to bring, and to assure them of our confident hope that this breaking down of a seemingly perpetual barrier between the peoples should mark the initiative of a new era of closer relations between all the Americas."

One of the practical suggestions Secretary Knox makes as the result of his visit is that a good telegraphic news service to and from the Latin-American republics should be established. Sensational and false news dispatches have been responsible for erroneous impressions concerning the United States among the republics of Central and South America.

A weekly or bi-weekly edition of some great American newspaper, printed part in English and part in Spanish, "devoted to matters of common interest among the American republics and to the dissemination of important and truthful news of the United States, instead of the catalogues of scandal and crime which are nowadays too often served as news of us to our sister republics," would create an era of better feeling and promote closer commercial relations that would be of equal advantage to all parties.

The Latin-American countries have the same form of government as our own. In the interest of their protection and at some hazard to our own peace, we have consistently maintained the famous Monroe Doctrine. In addition to this, there is every physical reason that our trade relations should be settled upon the most intimate terms. Of Mr. Knox, it should be said that he performed his mission to the ten Caribbean republics with the conspicuous success which has characterized his entire career as Secretary of State.

Disappointing Presidential Primary.

NOW THAT the Republican and Democratic tickets are in the field, the presidential preference primary may be discussed without reference to its bearing on the personal fortunes of any candidate. In treating this subject several considerations suggest themselves. The ballot must be made simpler and clearer than it was in most of the States which have it, there should be some approach to uniformity in the scheme in the States which use it, and some way ought to be devised to make it bring out a vote large enough to give its verdict some semblance of authority.

While the contest between Messrs. Roosevelt and Taft was furious in several of the States, particularly in Massachusetts, Maryland and New Jersey, the actual vote which was polled was only a small part of the Republican total, as indicated by the election of 1908. In round figures, 265,000 persons cast their ballots for Taft in New Jersey in 1908, while only 108,000, or much less than half of that number, voted for Roosevelt, Taft and La Follette, in the aggregate, in the primary there a few weeks ago. And this small number of Republicans were all who could be induced to go to the polling places in the most frantic and hysterical contest for the presidential nomination ever seen in that State or ever seen anywhere save in one or two other States about the same time. In some of the other States the proportion of Republican votes was much smaller than it was in New Jersey.

We are assuming that the presidential primary will remain with us, for the tendency, East as well as West, is to shorten the distance between the voters and the office-holders and to make a nearer and nearer approach to "pure democracy." Almost a fourth of the States had the presidential primary, in one shape or another, this year, but the number will undoubtedly be increased before the next quadrennial canvass. So far as the average intelligent observer can see, the net result of the primary thus far has been to shatter party lines, to arouse fierce antagonisms between factions and to make canvasses much more costly to nomination seekers than they were under the old conditions. Thus far the primary has brought very few of the advantages which its advocates predicted for it. As it is likely to stay with us, however, we must simplify it and arouse an incentive which will make its vote large enough to be a trustworthy gauge of popular sentiment.

Christianity in China.

THE IDEA of a pacific China will be re-enforced by the spread of Christianity in China. Already Christianity is a force in China. When the revolutionaries, in the first flush of victory at Hankow, commenced to massacre the hated Manchus, a body of Christian young men, heart and soul in the movement and occupying responsible positions in its councils, went to the pre-destined General Li, himself an almost-persuaded Christian, and said to him, "This must stop, or we quit." It stopped at once.

An army lieutenant held a prayer meeting in a Red Cross hospital in the intervals between fighting at Hankow. At Shanghai a society has been formed, including many of the local leaders, with the object of translating Christian belief into practical politics under the new government; and of its members, all Christians, one of the most prominent is Alexander Y. Ting, trained in an American missionary college, M.A. and LL.B. of Manchester University, barrister-at-law of Lincoln's Inn and doctor of law by examination at the hands of the late government in Peking.

To considerations like these add the fact that at least one-third of the members of Dr. Sun's cabinet were Christians, and it is seen that Christianity is already a force in China. One of the five highest officials in the new government recently received a letter of congratulation on his appointment from a missionary of world-wide reputation. In his reply he said that he hoped "that by obeying the voice of heaven and the people he might be able to help to establish a kingdom of God on earth and make the government of the republic pure and righteous."

These details may help one to realize what Christianity in China must mean in the future. Under the new government it will win for itself a widening way and its influence will be felt in the new legislation, the new legal codes, the new prison system, the new domestic life upon which the nation is entering. First and foremost it will be felt in the new educa-

tion, about which one cannot speak even briefly here; it needs a book all to itself.

Already the Chinese Christians are looking forward to a Chinese church, national in character, in activities, in outlook, in resources. Chinese Christianity will develop on its own lines and will have very marked features of its own. Just as China is skipping the oil age and the gas age in illumination and beginning at the electric age, so she will skip the sealed-Bible age, the witch-burning age and the age of relentless persecution in her Christian progress. She starts with the liberty of the Gospel, not the shackles of the law. In her interpretation of Christian truth there will be brought to bear a philosophic system and habit as old as Greek philosophy and much more vivid, much more real, innate, almost instinctive.

It is conceivable that China will carry Western Christendom with her to new heights and depths of Christian experience. This phenomenon has shown itself again and again in the personal relations of Chinese and foreign Christians; it may ultimately take place on an almost cosmic scale. Nobody need be surprised if it does.

Is the great mass of non-Christianity in China a menace to Christianity? No real Christian thinks so; neither does any careful student viewing things impartially. The spirit of toleration is very strong in China—else why should the Manchu have been endured so long? Where the spirit of toleration exists, the chances of any propaganda are high. In China they are exceptionally so, from causes too vast to be detailed here at the tail of an article. Christianity is going to affect China, and China is going to affect Christianity—to their mutual advantage.

The Cheap Demagogue.

SOLID truth has been expressed by a Democratic congressman, who unfortunately does not enjoy the backing of his associates. In opposing the evident determination of the House leaders to postpone until after election action on the bill to amend the immigration law so as to exclude illiterates, Representative Dies, of Texas, argued that this class of aliens should not be permitted to come into the United States and cast a ballot in a crisis such as confronts the country at this time. He then proceeded to pay his respects to the new leaders in both parties, with whom "declamation takes the place of principle." "There is a mad race," said he, "on the part of the politicians as to who can go furthest away from the institutions of our country and the learning and the wisdom of the fathers who builded the government."

The spirit of demagoguery is abroad. Those who advocate pulling down the pillars on which our government has rested for a century and a quarter are fast and furious in their demands. Yet we believe the people as a whole, when aroused to sober second thought, will see that the issues rise above the personalities of leaders and concern the very perpetuity of our republican form of government. The people may then be trusted to preserve the Constitution and the form of government which have weathered many a storm and proven adaptable to new conditions as they have arisen in the past. Not yet can it be said that the days of the republic are numbered.

Uncertainty!

UNCERTAINTY is expensive and annoying. It is often unnecessary.

The public displays little interest in the presidential election, but all the politicians are excited. They are gambling on the possibilities of a three-cornered fight, involving Taft as the regular Republican, Wilson as the regular Democratic and Roosevelt as a new party candidate.

At this time it may be said that Wilson is at the high tide of his popularity, Taft at the low tide and Roosevelt the uncertain element.

The probabilities are that Wilson's strength, as his free-trade proclivities become known, will wane; that Taft's weakness will lessen as the business men and workmen contemplate the upheaval that would follow a change in the administration, and that Roosevelt will draw greater support from Wilson than from Taft, and thus help the latter.

Roosevelt's popularity in the Southern States and in Oklahoma, New Mexico, Arizona and other Democratic or doubtful States will, if he carries these commonwealths, as his friends say he will, reduce the electoral votes that Wilson's friends have been counting on as sure and certain.

It is true that the result is so uncertain that it may have to be decided by the House of Representatives, because of no choice in the electoral college; but the very fear of such a possibility, with a serious prolongation of the uncertainty as to the result of the election, will be sufficient to make the business men and the workmen of this country turn to Taft as the wisest thing to do.

As for LESLIE'S, its support will be given to every candidate for the House of Representatives who believes firmly in the policy of protecting the wages of the American workman. We do not care whether he be a Republican, an insurgent or a Democrat. But he must not be a free trader.

The Plain Truth.

TURNING! The tide is really turning. We said this in our comment on President Taft's speech of acceptance, with its tone of moderation. The

New York Times heads its review of Governor Wilson's speech of acceptance with the same words that we applied to President Taft's: "The Turn of the Tide." It says that the fact that all the presidential candidates this year "agree in their avowals that business should have a fair chance is one of the strongest signs of the trend of the temper of the times." Our contemporary says that the tide turned with the declaration of the rule of reason by the United States Supreme Court in interpreting the anti-trust law. It adds that the country has hovered on the edge of suffocation of enterprise ever since that law was enforced in the sense of the words of the statute interpreted in the dictionary meaning. It finds comfort in the reflection that this is not the first time the country has had this experience. It says, "It has been led to the brink of distress in the name of universal happiness before, and always the common sense of the moderates has saved the country from its saviors." We are afraid the Times is not marching in the ranks of the much vaunted and self-esteemed "Progressives." Carry the news to Wilson.

DAM! Governor Wilson says that the protective tariff is a dam. He told the farmers this at Sea Girt, N. J., the other day. He also told the farmers that they never had had a hearing on the tariff bills at Washington and that they were not looking for protection. We are afraid that Dr. Wilson does not read the newspapers; otherwise he would have known that among the strongest objectors to the proposed reduction of the duty on wool were the wool growers of the West. He might also have recalled that the principal objectors to the reciprocity treaty with Canada, which proposed to smash the so-called "protective-tariff dam," were the farmers along our Canadian border. They strenuously opposed the removal of the duty on Canadian potatoes, butter, eggs and cheese. We are afraid that Professor Wilson did not read the recent press dispatch from Springfield, Ill., which stated that the weekly bulletin of the State Farmers' Institute declared that the principal cause of the high prices of meats was not the so-called packing trusts, but "the decided shortage of the live-stock supply." It added that "there will be no relief for the consumer until the public generally co-operates with the packers and the farmers in encouraging increased production." But some of our farmers read the newspapers.

RUBBISH! Somebody ought to chain up Congressman Stanley, of Kentucky. He is too mad to run around loose. But these are the dog days and we must expect anything at Washington. Mr. Stanley is chairman of the Steel Trust Investigating Committee. He wanted a chance to get a smash at all the big guns, especially at Roosevelt and George W. Perkins. So he made a frenzied speech, full of fire and fire water. He accused Roosevelt of being a friend of the Steel Corporation and Perkins of pilfering the policy-holders of the great insurance company with which he was actively connected for so many years. Just to let our readers shed a few tears on their own account, if not on Stanley's, we quote some of the highfalutin flings at Perkins that Stanley introduced in his slobbering speech. Read them, as you wipe your eyes. Here they are: "Who were these pilfered policy-holders? The most pathetic and helpless figures in all this vale of tears. The 'young mother, wrapped in the black habiliments of 'woe, prostrate upon the new-made grave of her once 'loving lord; orphans wailing the name of father 'above the silent dead. He robbed the widow of her 'slender patrimony and snatched the last crumb from 'the pinched fingers of helpless childhood. In all the 'loathsome annals of greed and graft, there is nothing so sordid and pitiless as the creatures who 'did it.' Poor Stanley! 'Ain't it awful, Mabel!'"

CHEERS! While we are trying to bust the so-called steel trust in Washington, cable advices report that the German Emperor, visiting the great Krupp Iron Works, one of the largest in the world, to celebrate its foundation, asked all present to join with him in giving three cheers for the firm of Krupp. This is the way that Germany regards its great industrial combinations. We don't want our Democratic readers to take our word for this, so we quote what that ardent supporter of Governor Wilson, the New York Times, has to say. It is well worth reading, and we hope that Governor Wilson will not fail to make note of it in his next speech on the trust question. The Times says:

"Germany regards capital as its greatest industrial need, and, since profits are one of the sources of capital, profits should be fostered. Here the idea is that profits are theft, that capitalists are wealthy malefactors who ought to expiate their crimes in jail, and that profits ought to be forbidden, or, better yet, divided. The idea that a dollar is hungrier for work than a trades unionist, and that a billion dollars is hungrier for employment than a single dollar, is beyond the conception of those whose ideas of unemployment are limited to the Populist school of political economy. The dispersal and the prevention of profits are the chief objectives of the dominant politics of the day, although nothing is surer than that there can be no profits earned without the disbursement of similar sums in payments to labor. . . . Germany discerned what trade demanded, and guided and joined it. We learned what trade wanted, and forbade it without preventing it, and even now leaders of thought have not learned what has happened. Small blame to them. It took the Supreme Court twenty years to discover, and finally it saved business, not without damage and danger to the fabric of our institutions. The end is not yet. Our counsels on this subject are still too hectic. The electorate still tends to listen too much to appeals to passion and prejudice, and refuses to listen to facts. But the abuses of the trust system have been reduced in a manner little appreciated, and assisted not at all by the loudest shouters into the ear of the people."

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In

Early Season Attractions in New York Theaters



THE CO-STARS
And the beauty chorus in "The Girl from Montmartre," at the Criterion Theater.



SOME OF THE BEAUTIES IN "HANKY PANKY,"
One of the new productions, at the Broadway Theatre, that shows many handsome young women.



H. B. WARNER,
The star in "Buxi," to be produced at the Hudson Theater, September 5.



HATTIE WILLIAMS AND RICHARD CARLE,
In a scene in "The Girl from Montmartre," Criterion Theater.



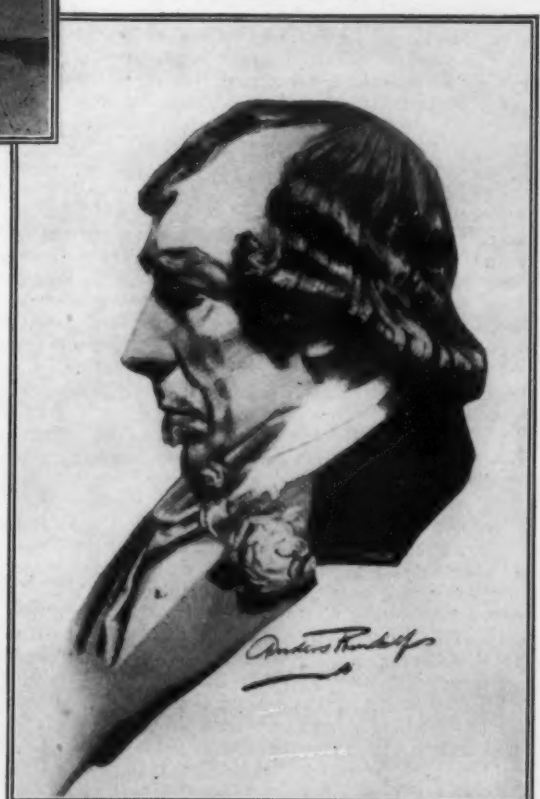
FLORENCE MOORE,
In "Hanky Panky," Broadway Theater.



FRANCIS REWE,
In "Disraeli," at Wallack's Theater.



ELSIE LESLIE,
In "Disraeli," at Wallack's Theater.



GEORGE ARLISS,
As "Disraeli," at Wallack's Theater.

The Man Who Bosses Presidents

Experiences of a Famous Washington Newspaper Camera Expert Who Has Photographed Almost Every Notable in America

By H. D. ROBERTS



THE PRESIDENT ON THE LINKS.

This is one of the best pictures ever taken of President Taft playing golf. Standing at the right of the sand box is Vice-President Sherman. It required much patience and work on the part of Mr. Sutton to secure permission to take this photo.



THE MAN WHO BOSSES PRESIDENTS.

Arthur J. Sutton, one of the most famous snapshot men in America. There is hardly a notable whom he has not photographed.



ONE OF AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR WOMEN.

Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, daughter of Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, the Progressive nominee for President, talking animatedly to a party of interested listeners. She has been frequently photographed. Chief Wilkie, of the Secret Service, at the extreme right.



MISS HELEN TAFT.

Daughter of the President, out for a horseback ride. Miss Taft is very obliging to camera men, and they have a great deal of respect for her.



FRANK H. HITCHCOCK.

The Postmaster-General, who is a bachelor, and who is seen with what may be a strange background. Mr. Sutton's specialty is unusual views.



A FAMOUS SOLDIER.

General Leonard Wood, Chief of Staff of the American Army, who won fame in Cuba before and after the Spanish-American war, riding his favorite horse.

IF YOU desire genuine excitement and to get away from the humdrum of the routine of life, travel for a few days with a wide-awake national illustrated newspaper photographer. He is the man who makes everybody stand around—even does he boss the President of the United States, if necessary. He is worth while following, if only to learn how far persistence and enterprise go toward accomplishing an object—for the real live newspaper photographer is seldom utterly defeated; he usually gets something. At a minute's notice he is ready for anything.

One of the most famous of these catch-as-catch-can photographers is Arthur J. Sutton, who is liable to turn up at any spot where something has happened, but most generally may be found keeping a weather eye on what goes in and out of the White House. Some days ago Mr. Sutton saw an item in a newspaper declaring that two distinguished statesmen, Senator Bradley, of Kentucky, and the late Senator "Fiddling Bob" Taylor, of Tennessee, had forsworn music. It so happened that these distinguished United States Senators had been widely advertised as bona fide musicians.

"Wouldn't it be a good idea," said the photographer, "to take a picture of the two Senators playing their last piece of music?"

"You are very bright this morning," said the editor coldly, for it was a very cold day. "If you think you can get any such picture, by all means go to it; but please don't deliver a lecture about it in advance. You know all about moving pictures, don't you? Well, be a moving photographer."

It so happened that the newspaper item had not the slightest basis. As a matter of fact, when he saw Senator Bradley and then Senator Taylor, neither had before heard of the article. Both smiled at him tolerantly when his request that they pose for a picture was made. The Senators remarked that it could not be granted, (a) because they were too busy, and (b) because they did not carry the paraphernalia of an orchestra with them when they came to the Senate. Being turned down by a United States Senator would hold some people for a while, but not our friend Sutton. He only hustled the faster to a musical-instrument store. In spite of the fact that he was not known to the proprietor, he succeeded in borrowing a violin and a guitar.

Twenty minutes later found him again in the office of Senator Bradley. Almost with tears in his eyes he begged the venerable Senator to go over to Senator Taylor's room. He pulled the old stuff about the probability of losing his job if he did not succeed in photographing the Senators caressing the borrowed musical instruments.

Senator Bradley caved in. "We haven't time to spare for such nonsense," said Senator Taylor. "Of course, if you are likely to lose your job and all that sort of business you were telling me—well, hurry up and get it over with."

Each Senator grabbed an instrument and looked pleasant. Somebody was mean enough to declare that neither Senator had ever played a tune on a guitar or violin in his life; but that can hardly be true, because the photograph showed Senator Taylor assuming a rare feat. It was an accomplishment which would have staggered Mischa Elman. "Fiddling Bob" was shown to be fingering the fiddle with his right hand!

The first photographs of the President playing golf were secured by Mr. Sutton. Up to that time, Mr. Taft had been a little bit sensitive about having his picture taken in that costume. Walter J. Travis, the champion golfer, interceded on behalf of the photographer, and the President told Sutton to come to the Chevy Chase golf links on an early spring day. The President, the Vice-President, Captain Butt (the President's aid), Mr. Travis and Mr. Lard, another famous golfer, were there. The President makes it an invariable rule not to have any gallery. Likewise he is particularly annoyed if he is ever interrupted on the golf links. After Mr. Sutton had followed the President for four or five holes, Mr. Travis said, "Here! You will have to stop taking pictures. You have enough. You are annoying the President." The President laughed and said resignedly, "Let him go ahead. I am in for it." Then he proceeded to make a stroke. Mr. Sutton aimed his camera for another shot. The President looked up at Sutton suddenly, shook his golf club at him and shouted, "You are the worst enemy I have!"

Mr. Sutton had been dogging the President ever since he was inaugurated. Sometimes he photographed the chief executive as many as six or seven times a day, signing bills at the White House offices, greeting delegations, walking, riding horseback,

motoring, speaking at the unveilings of monuments, laying corner stones, dedicating buildings. Even at night the President had not been free from his shadow, for then there were flashlights of dinner gatherings and banquets. No wonder he shook his club at the snapshot man. You would have done the same thing, but just as good-naturedly as did the President.

One dark afternoon, in threatening weather, there was a lawn fete on Potomac Drive. Mr. Sutton had experienced considerable difficulty getting society people to pose for him, until Count von Bernstorff, the German ambassador, came along. He is noted for his courtesy to newspaper men. Mr. Sutton asked him if he would kindly pose, with his wife and daughter, for a picture. While the preparations were being made, the German ambassador moved. Mr. Sutton said that he must keep quiet, because the light was poor and there would have to be a long exposure. The ambassador and his wife were very patient. A splendid likeness was secured.

The fete seemed to lag about this time. Everything was going slowly. Nobody appeared to be having any fun. Count von Bernstorff caught the idea of injecting life into the proceeding by acting as master of ceremonies for Mr. Sutton. He first dragged the lamented Archie Butt in front of the camera. Then Captain Butt and Count von Bernstorff started on a still hunt for the President. They lined Mr. Taft up and made him stand still. The culmination of it all, through Count von Bernstorff's and Butt's efforts, was one of the most interesting groups that had been made in Washington for some years. It contained the President and Mrs. Taft, Secretary of State and Mrs. Knox, the French ambassador and Mrs. Jusserand, the Austrian ambassador and Madam Hengelmüller and numerous others.

One of the amusing incidents of that day was when the German ambassador approached the late Rear-Admiral Evans. "Fighting Bob" said, "What in the devil do you want with my picture?" Then he assumed an outlandish pose and threw out his hands and chest, much like the scarecrow in the "Wizard of Oz." He tipped his cap over his eyes and went through a lot of funny antics. Sutton did not want to catch him in such a foolish position, fearing that it might be misunderstood when the picture

(Continued on page 207.)

One of the Greatest of American War Games

Picturesque Features of the Connecticut Maneuver Campaign and the Attack on New York
by an Army of Invasion



Unloading munitions of war. A regiment of infantry receiving its supplies and equipment from a train, and preparing for a hard campaign. Their expectations of strenuous work were fulfilled.



Troops building a pontoon bridge across a river. These men are very skillful and soon make a floating pathway over which an army can travel.



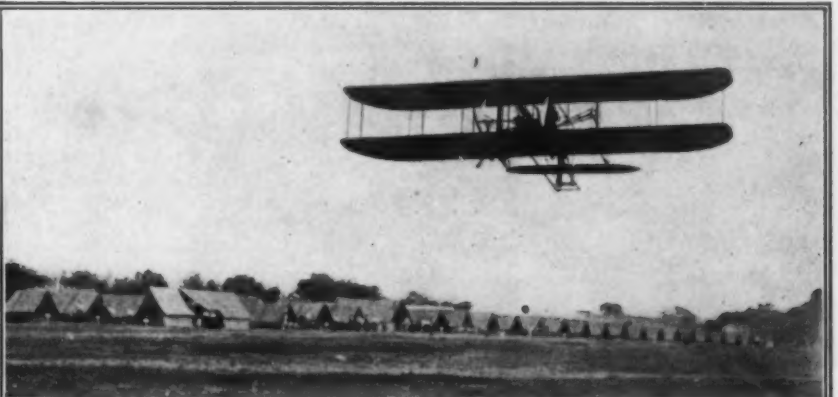
Resting after a day of hard campaigning. Weary New York National guardsmen in camp at Stillman's Pond, Conn., hungrily partaking of their rations while seated on the ground.



The wireless telegraph an important factor in the campaign. Operator at work with a portable outfit sending and receiving messages from all points in the field of action.



The aeroplane as a military machine. Lieutenant Milling, U. S. A., flying in a Curtiss aeroplane above the contending armies and spying out the positions of the foes. He fully demonstrated the value of the airship in war.



The aerial scout in flight. Lieutenant Benjamin Foulis, United States Signal Corps, in a Wright aeroplane equipped with wireless apparatus. The lieutenant sent messages from an altitude of 2,000 feet to a station fifteen miles away.



Getting up a dinner for the famished soldiers. Cook in camp cutting up one of many quarters of beef in order to make a substantial meal for the warriors.



One of the minor casualties of war. Ambulance corps of the Seventh New York Regiment rushing to a hospital a cavalryman who was thrown from his horse.

The above scenes illustrate the recent spirited and realistic campaign which started in southwestern Connecticut and ended with an attack on New York City. Two armies, the "Red" and the "Blue," were engaged, and there were ten thousand men on each side, 3,500 being regular troops and the remainder National guardsmen from New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Connecticut and Maine. The Reds were supposed to constitute a foreign army landing near New Bedford, Mass., and making its way toward New York against the desperate resistance of the Blues. The commander-in-chief and chief umpire of the maneuvers was General Tasker H. Bliss, U. S. A. Brigadier-General Albert S. Mills, U. S. A., was at the head of the Blue Army, and Brigadier-General Frederick A. Smith directed the Red Army.

The Old Fan Says:

"The Limelight Position in Present Day Baseball Is Held by a Few Pitchers"

By ED A. GOEWEY. Illustrated by "ZIM"



"GEORGE," said the Old Fan, as he gave the cigar clerk a good smoker that he'd won at the depot slot machine and lighted another for his own consolation, "did you ever pause and consider that most of the space in the newspapers to-day that is devoted to the great national pastime is used to chronicle the doings of our few top-notch pitchers. Occasionally an umpire is

panned, some great batter flattered, or some fielder praised; but most of the printed matter goes to the twirlers. Of course they have always been the principal factors in the game, but there have been times when a good share of the baseball news revolved around wonderful catchers, terrific clouters and phenomenal men in the in and outer gardens. Right now the pitchers are the king pins, and as they improve or backslide, so do our hopes go up and down, like the mercury in a thermometer.

"If Bender, Coombs, Mullin, Walsh, Ford, Wood, Johnson, Matty, Marquard, Lavender, Reulbach, Camnitz, Alexander, Sallee, Benton and Rucker are pitching in their best form, the fans that worship at their shrines are in ecstasies of delight. If they falter in their work or grow stale, their followers are plunged into the depths of despair. And there is good reason for these shifts in the feelings of the fans, for they have come to realize that no club in the sport to-day can win games with any degree of regularity unless it is equipped with a great twirling staff. And the kind of pitchers that are making present-day baseball history are the boys who are almost always capable of going the full route at top speed one day, and then, the next afternoon, are able to step in at a pinch and successfully twirl a few innings that will pull a weaker brother out of the hole.

"Take Joe Wood, the wonderful heaver of the Red Sox outfit, who, with Johnson and Walsh, makes up the 'big three' of the American League this season. Last year he finished seventeenth in his organization. At this minute he heads it and has pitched more full nine-inning games than any man in either major league. He has also been a consistent winner, and should the Red Sox capture the bunting in the Johnson outfit, it will be largely due to his strong arm, accurate eye and splendid judgment. You must admire his skill, no matter whether you are rooting for his team or not. And, if the Giants win the national rag, won't a pitching duel between him and Marquard be worth going many miles to see? I'll answer for you—it will.

"Every real, dyed-in-the-wool baseball fan, no matter whether he makes his habitat along the Great White Way of the Metropolis, the Lake Front of the Windy City or Market Street, 'Frisco, must doff his cap whenever the name of 'Big Moose' Ed Walsh is mentioned. We will always worship 'Iron Man' McGinnity, Cy Young, Christy Mathewson and other hero hurlers; but Walsh is in a class by himself and his name will be remembered for certain distinct

"Ask any manager or club owner in the American League which pitcher he would rather have, if given his choice of the entire Johnson outfit, and it's a

hundred-to-one bet that 'Big Ed' Walsh is the choice. He may not be able to make a run like Marquard, but he should be given the benefit of the doubt, for he never had the same consistent support day after day that was furnished 'McGraw's \$10,000 beauty.' But he can be slipped in at any old time during a contest, and twirl as if his arm were a gatling gun and the success of the national pastime depended upon that contest. When a double-header is scheduled for the Sox, nothing delights him so much as to step in and warm up by pitching the last three or four innings of the opening game, and then twirl the whole nine sessions of the second. When Walsh is 'right,' he is almost without a peer, and as a rescue pitcher in close pinches he has no equal in baseball to-day. When the game loses Walsh and Mathewson, it will be time for the fans to wear crape for the full period.



Not a sail in sight.

"The things that the Giants have done to the Cincinnati Reds this year must be gall and wormwood to their manager, Hank O'Day. During the years when he held the indicator, he was the most disliked man that ever set foot on the Polo Grounds. Hank was a good umpire, but the McGraw outfit seemed to get on his nerves, and neither the fans nor the players of the Metropolis thought that they received any favors in the breaks nor the best of close decisions when he was umpiring. But whether we did not see

O'Day's work in the right light or whether it really gave the Giants a shade the worst of things, the fact remains that no red rag ever annoyed a wild bull as the sight of Hank behind the bat or on the base lines did the McGrawites.

"When it was officially announced that the former umpire had been selected to lead the Reds pennantward, a wild and united shriek of joy went up in New York; for the fans knew that the Giants would work like day laborers to even up scores with their ancient enemy. And things broke just right for their revengeful purpose. The baseball boys of the city by the Rhine got away at the beginning of the season with a flying start, and for a time occupied a position that encouraged them to think that the 1912 rag might be within reaching distance. Then along came the Giants, and with no gentle hand did they fall upon the O'Dayites, lambast them hip and thigh, and start them on a toboggan ride toward the foot of the first division. There they clung hopefully and desperately for a time, and then the McGraw outfit assaulted them once more. These latter drubbings tumbled the Reds into the second division with no undue ceremony, and right now there is no telling where they will finish.

"Poor Hank! No matter whether he hurled the boomerang or not, it certainly returned his way and bowled him over. If there was little joy in his job as umpire, what pleasure can he be getting out of his managerial berth? But—and don't forget it, George—there are some good players on the Reds, and if the anvil chorus in Cincy will hold fewer sessions, they may come around next year and show real class. There are some mighty good people in Redland, including the owner of the club, that deserve an A No. 1 team; but the sticky praise certain local critics bestow upon the nine when it is winning and the too strenuous knocks they administer when the boys falter are not the kind of backing that makes for real encouragement.

"And while we are on the subject of the Giants, just a word or two about their slump before the hustling Cubs and the persistent Pirates during those recent games on their home grounds. For the first time this season the New York bunch were made to realize just how weak their pitching staff is. Matty—game old warrior!—managed to pull a victory or two, while Marquard faltered and young Tesreau did all that could be expected of a novice in fast company. But the remainder

of the twirling outfit made one think of the old expression, 'It is to laugh.'

"Marquard and Matty are all right, and Tesreau is rounding out nicely; but the McGrawites must have more able assistance in the pitching box if they expect to win another league championship and have a look-in during the world's series. You and I, George, don't know where to get the much-desired, assistance; but Chance seems to be able to dig up enough good box-men to make his team a nifty pennant chaser, in spite of the fact that veterans of numerous campaigns dot his field. And the Pirates are not so slow, either, in being able to put up a good article of ball. If McGraw doesn't watch out, the tail end of

this season will be a joke as far as the Giants are concerned and the laugh will be on him. During the latter part of July and early August his men were mighty poor in the field, and the way the errors and bonehead miscues piled up would have shamed a bush-league aggregation.

"And Tesreau suffered worse than most of the New York pitchers from loose support. At times it looked as if the only way he could win was to pitch a shut-out. Behind Mathewson or Marquard the Giants usually work like Trojans. Behind 'Big Jeff,' who certainly needs their assistance more than the veterans, they are often listless with the stick and slovenly in the field.

"The Boston Braves also showed flashes of form on several recent occasions, and in some extra-inning games proved that they can play if they will. Perhaps next year they may also get into the running. The Red Sox, their rivals, are certainly showing them how to play the game and may race under the American League wire pennant winners, in spite of the efforts of the Senators and Athletics to head them off. Clark Griffith is making a noble struggle, and, no matter whether he captures first, second or third place, he'll deserve a gold medal and a victor's wreath, for he will have demonstrated that it is possible to maintain something besides a cellar champion in the nation's capital. Here's my chapeau off to the 'Old Fox'!

"And it now begins to look as if the world's champions had shot their bolt and would not be first at the finish this year. Time was when people didn't mind the Athletics falling 'way behind at the beginning of the season or having a slump midway through it, knowing that they'd come down the last quarter with a rush and win out with room to spare. Perhaps this is what Connie Mack anticipated would happen this year, but something seems to have upset his schedule.

The Philadelphia White Elephants are not playing the best kind of ball and they are not regaining lost ground with any startling degree of rapidity. After several long and deep thinks, Mack, in a desperate effort to catch up with Boston, switched his batting order. The move may win him another pennant, but it doesn't look so from this distance.

"Another thing that tickled yours truly was the announcement that 'Tarnation' Hughey Jennings had signed up to direct the fortunes of the Tigers for two more years. Rumor has it that the auburn-haired grass eater is to receive the largest salary paid to any manager in the American League. The Tigers have been unfortunate this year, and all the blame was heaped on Hughey. The fact that he had made consistent pennant grabbers of his boys in the recent past seemed to be overlooked. Everything possible was done to make things unpleasant for this hustling manager, possibly with the intention of making him sick and tired of his job and forcing him to resign.

"It was openly charged that Ban Johnson was after his scalp, and hints were made that during the world's championship series last summer he



He looks to be in poor condition for a driving finish.



Wallace, short stop of the St. Louis "Browns."



Sweeney, the slugging 2d baseman of the Boston "Braves."



"There aint goin' to be no core."

attainments which none of the other modern twirlers possessed to such a marked degree. For years he has been known as 'the crusher,' and season after season, in wet and dry weather, whether the sun shines or the wind blows, he lives up to his title. It makes but little difference to him what kind of pitching is served out by his fellow-fingers on the White Sox. If his team is only a few runs to the good when 'the balloon starts to ascend,' he will step to the firing line, stop the scoring and pull a victory out of the fire. And he has been doing this thing so long and so persistently that the fans have taken it for granted that he is never going to stop.



Pitcher "Rus" Ford, of the Highlanders.

(Continued on page 210.)

People Talked About



MISS CLARA FERGUSON,

Of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, a school teacher, in front of the ten by twelve sod house, ninety miles from a railroad in South Dakota, in which she lived for fifteen months, in order to secure title to 160 acres of government land under the Homestead Act. Miss Ferguson writes that taking up homesteads is not uncommon with women of the Far West.



SADAKO FUDJIWARA.

The new Empress of Japan, whose husband succeeded to the throne on the recent death of Emperor Mutsuhito.



A UNIQUE ENTERTAINMENT.

Three guests of American Consul-General Thomas Sammons, at Yokohama, Japan, who gave a luncheon party to American grand and great-grandmothers. Left to right: Mrs. Eliza A. Scidmore, aged eighty-eight, mother of Consul-General George H. Scidmore, of Seoul, Korea, and of Miss Scidmore, the author; Mrs. Priscilla Snelling Hubbard, aged eighty-one, and Mrs. Cynthia Barnum.



H. A. GUDGER,

Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the Canal Zone, Panama. He was formerly American Consul-General to Panama. He has been Chief Justice since 1909. During his fourteen years at Panama he has not had a day's real sickness.



JACOB G. SCHURMAN,

President of Cornell University, who has been appointed American Minister to Greece, vice George H. Moses, resigned. Mr. Schurman has leave of absence from the university for a year. He is interested in excavations for antiquities in Greece.



DAVID S. BARRY,

A well-known Washington correspondent and Gridironer, who has been placed in charge of the National Republican Committee's literary bureau. Mr. Barry has won many laurels as a journalist and will doubtless succeed well in his new position.



BELISARIO PORRAS,

Who was recently elected President of the Republic of Panama. He was formerly Minister to the United States from Panama. He is a man of ability and experience in public affairs, and his administration bids fair to be a successful one.



MISS JANE ADDAMS,

Of the Hull Settlement House, Chicago, one of the foremost women in the United States. She was a prominent delegate to the Progressive National Convention at Chicago, which nominated Colonel Roosevelt, and she made a speech seconding his nomination.



ELLIOT H. GOODWIN,

The eminent defender of Civil Service Reform, who has just resigned as Secretary of the Civil Service Reform Association to accept the general secretaryship of the important Chamber of Commerce of the United States at Washington.



SCENE AT PALM BEACH.

A snapshot of two prominent visitors, Mrs. H. M. Flagler, wife of the famous railroad magnate and developer of Florida, in her wheel chair, and John D. Crimmins, a widely-known contractor and formerly Park Commissioner of New York.



TY COBB,

Of the Detroit American League baseball team, the champion batsman of the world, who was recently attacked by robbers in Detroit, and stabbed in the back. He was seriously injured. Cobb gave his three assailants a hard fight.



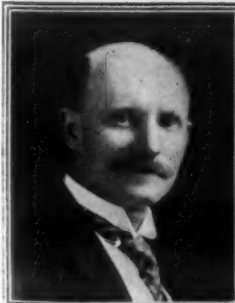
A LITTLE HEROINE.

Dorothy Lockett, a ten-year-old girl who saved her grandmother. Mrs. Thompson, of New York, from drowning, after the steamship "City of Rockland" collided with the collier "Chisholm" off the New England coast.



NOT THREE OF A KIND.

An army officer's wife and two Moros photographed on the Chinese pier at Jolo, Philippine Islands. The natives are fierce and intractable people, and it was with the greatest difficulty that the couple seen in the picture were induced to face the camera.



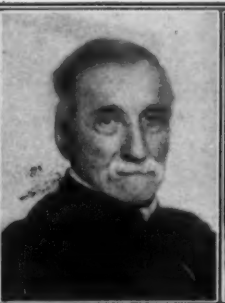
REV. FRANK C. WHITMAN,

Of Newport, Wash., an expert shot and pool player, who by displaying his skill in pool rooms and elsewhere won many attendants to his church who were converted and joined the congregation.



MRS. CORA M. DAVIS,

Of Union, Ore., National President of the Woman's Relief Corps, connected with the G. A. R. She is a descendant of soldiers, and under her direction the corps has been doing unusually good work.



REV. A. GORDON BAKEWELL,

Of New Orleans, La., aged 92, one of the oldest and best beloved ministers in active work in America. He officiates in a picturesque little Episcopal chapel. He is a prominent Confederate veteran.



MISS EDNA T. CRICK,

Of Brookville, Pa., the only woman superintendent of a window glass factory in the United States. She manages 400 workmen. Miss Crick began her career as a waitress, but worked her way up by sheer ability.



HARRY MASON,

A 77-year-old employee of the Sharon Coal and Limestone Company, a subsidiary of the United States Steel Corporation, who has worked as a miner for 71 years. He began work in England at the age of six.



MRS. MARTIN W. LITTLETON,

Wife of the prominent New York Congressman, and a zealous advocate of the purchase by the government of Monticello, the famous home of Thomas Jefferson. She is a talented writer.



DONALD M. KIRKPATRICK,

Of Easton, Pa., to whom has been awarded the \$2,500 prize of the Societe des Beaux Arts of Paris, for the best drawing by a student of architecture in the United States. He had 139 competitors.

The American Nation's Most

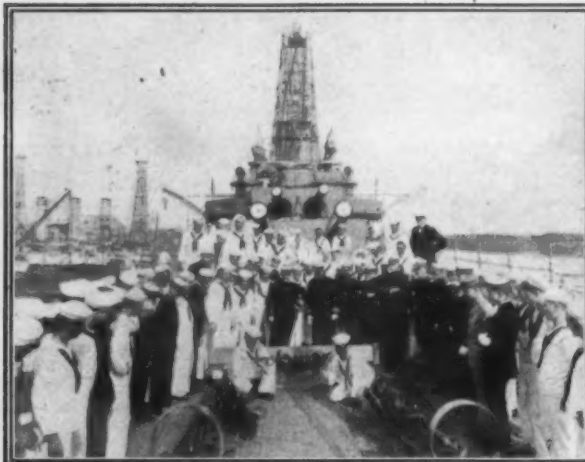
Vessels of Various Types Which Are To Take Part in Grand Review To Be Held



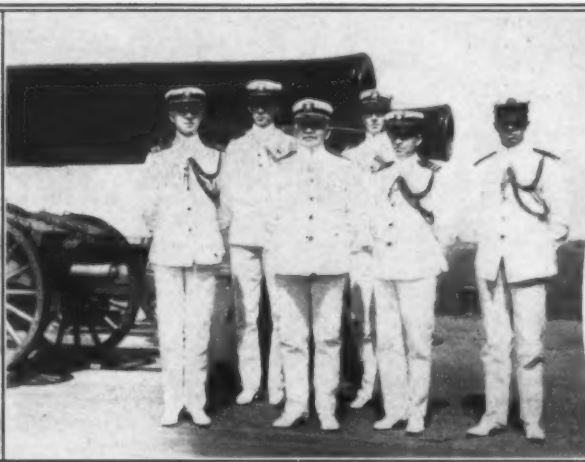
FORMIDABLE FLOATING FORTRESSES.

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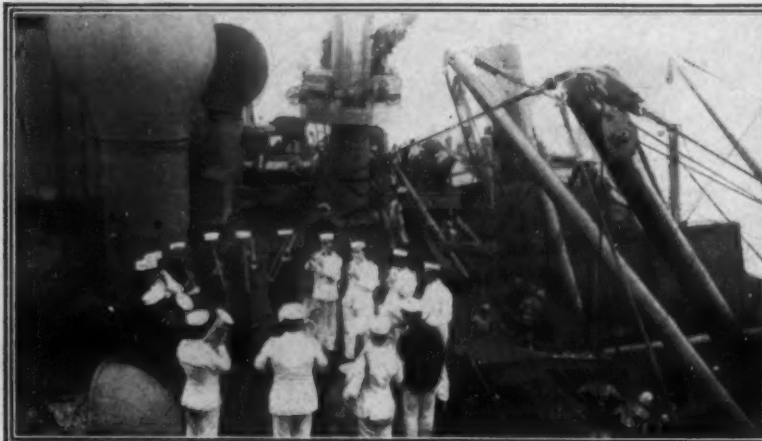
Third division of the Atlantic fleet maneuvering off Narragansett Bay, R. I. This is one of the aggregations which are to take part in the review of 150 war vessels at New York.



COCKFIGHT ON BOARD THE BATTLESHIP "DELAWARE." The "Delaware" was the crack ship of the navy for the year ending June 30 having made a merit rating of 74.758 for gunnery, etc.

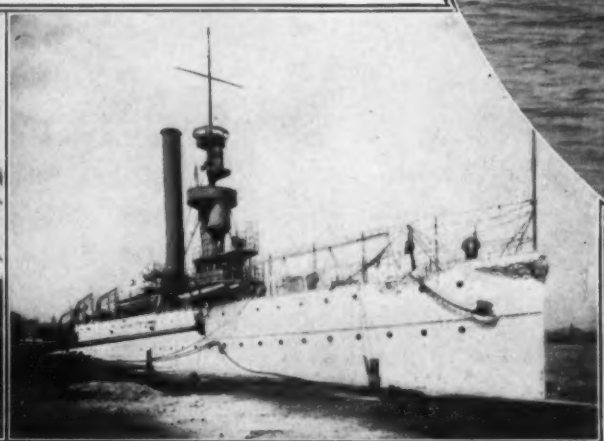


AN EFFICIENT NAVAL CHIEFTAIN AND HIS AIDES. Rear-Admiral Hugo Osterhaus (third from left), commander-in-chief of the Atlantic fleet, and his capable staff.



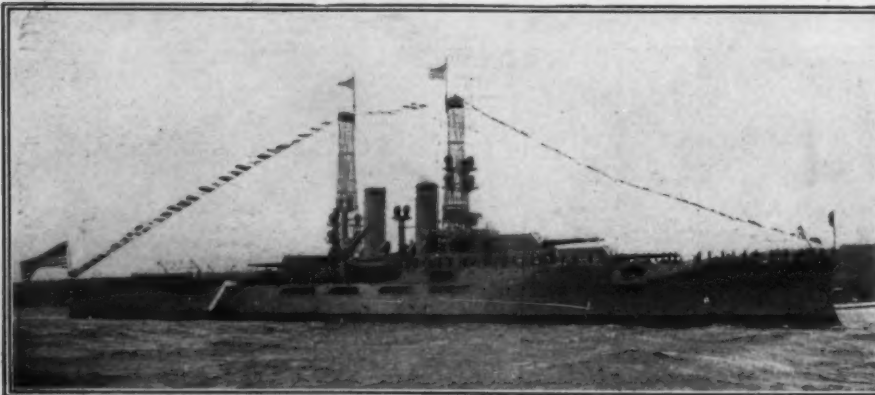
MUSIC'S CHARMS FOR THE COAL HEAVER.

Band playing aboard the battleship "Michigan," while the crew was stowing away coal. The workers were greatly inspired by the lively and stirring tunes.



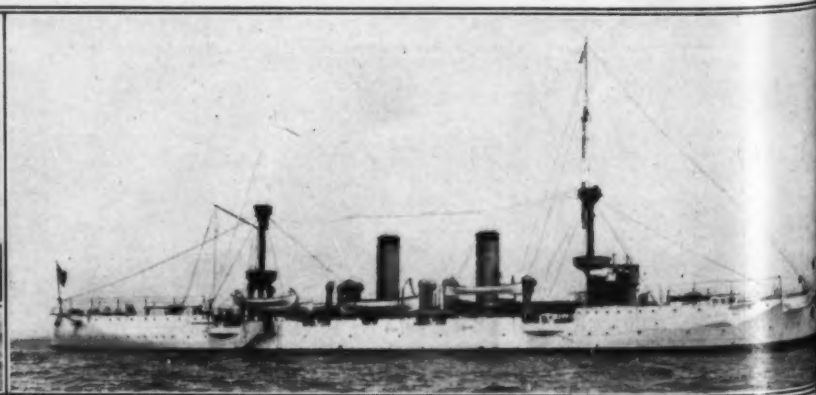
ONE OF OUR SMALLER WAR VESSELS.

The light gunboat "Helena," a part of the Asiatic squadron, which will assemble with the fleet at Manila, Philippine Islands.



A MAGNIFICENT WAR VESSEL.

The battleship "Florida," representing the class which next to the "Arkansas" and "Wyoming" is the most powerful in the navy. She is a 21,825-ton ship, with a speed of 21 knots, and her main battery has ten 12-inch and fifteen 5-inch guns. She cost \$6,000,000.



ONE OF OUR GOOD LESSER WARSHIPS.

The protected cruiser "Albany," which belongs to the fleet that will be assembled at Manila Bay. She is of 3,439 tons, with a speed of 20.51 knots, and her main battery is ten 5-inch guns.

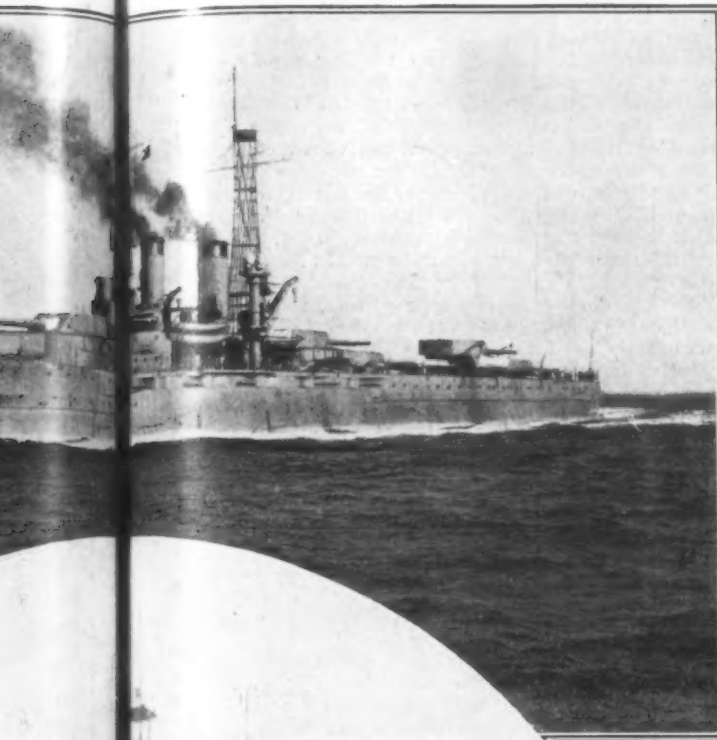
Simultaneous naval demonstrations which have been ordered for New York, San Francisco and Manila in October will be of a magnitude never before attempted. They will be aboard the "Arkansas," the newest and most powerful of all American dreadnoughts. At San Francisco about fifty vessels will be called together under the command of Rear-Admiral Hugo Osterhaus. At Manila about twenty vessels at Manila Bay under command of Rear-Admiral R. F. Nicholson. A spectacular feature of the reviews will be the assembling of the submarine force by this country. There will be at least one submarine under the command of Rear-Admiral South.

TWO COLOSSAL FIGHTING MACHINES. Upper picture: The battleship "Wyoming," the largest of the dreadnought class, and the most powerful in the world. These two are the largest craft in our present in the world. They are 26,000 tons, with a speed of 21 knots, and their main battery of each consists of ten 12-inch guns and twenty 5-inch guns. Lower picture: A remarkable photograph of the battleship "Michigan," one of the most powerful specimens of naval architecture. The "Michigan" is one of the 16,000-ton ship, has a speed of 18 knots, and carries a main battery of ten 12-inch guns.

Protected cruiser at San Francisco.

Most Imposing Naval Pageant

Review To Be Held on the Same Day at New York, San Francisco and Manila

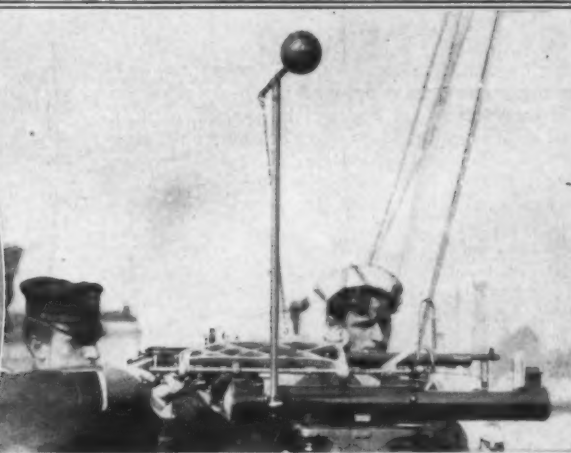


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AN INSPIRING SIGHT.

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View aft from the battleship "Utah," showing other vessels of the Atlantic fleet at anchor. All these big fighting ships will be seen at the coming review in New York Harbor, which will be the greatest event of the kind ever witnessed there.



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SUB-CALIBER PRACTICE ON A BATTLESHIP.
A miniature gun representing a twelve pounder and a minute object representing a target thousands of feet away are used.

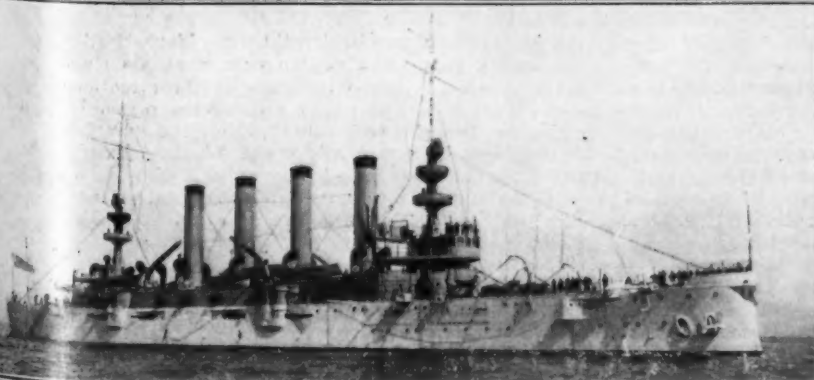
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SIGNALLING TO THE VESSELS OF THE FLEET.
Wig-wag crew on a flagship (in foreground) sending orders from the commanding officer, accurately and expeditiously.



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EAGER TO HEAR THE NEWS FROM HOME.
Sailors on board the battleship "Kansas" attending the distribution of mail and reading with intense interest the missives they receive.

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A GUN CREW IN ACTION.
Handling a 6-inch gun on board the battleship "Utah." The men going through the tactics that would be necessary if the vessel were fighting an enemy.

TWO COLOSSAL TITANIC MACHINES.
The battleship "Michigan," going at full speed of 18 knots, is one of the most powerful fighting ships at anchor. They are 26,000 tons each, with a speed of 20 knots, and the largest craft in our fleet. Each consists of two main batteries of eight 12-inch guns and twenty-one 5-inch guns.



A PACIFIC COAST DEFENDER.
Protected cruiser "St. Louis," included in the Pacific reserve fleet. She will appear at the review at San Francisco. She is of 9,700 tons burden, with a speed of 22 knots, and carries fourteen 6-inch guns in her main battery.

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THE TORPEDO BOAT DESTROYER "HOPKINS."
Which will be with the Atlantic fleet at the New York review. She is of 408 tons, with a horsepower of 7,200, and has a speed of 29.02 knots. Her keel was laid in 1899. Most of our destroyers are of later date and larger.

er before at the command of the assembling fleet by this country. In the harbors mentioned the Atlantic, Pacific and Asiatic fleets, respectively, will be mobilized. President Taft and Secretary Meyer will There will be about 120 vessels gathered in New York Harbor. This is approximately twenty-one more ships than were present at the great demonstration Admiral Southerland. The rendezvous of the Asiatic fleet is dependent on the conditions then prevailing in China, but the intention is to assemble approximately the submarine and torpedo boat flotillas. Altogether the proposed maneuvers will eclipse any gathering of naval strength ever held in American waters.

The Strength of the Mighty

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

WITH flushed cheeks and eyes that looked wistfully at him over the table, the girl was speaking.

"I'm just a working girl, Bobby," she said, and there was a plaintiveness in her voice that hurt him. "That's what you call us. There are ten thousand others just like us in this town, and we don't amount to much—not very much, you know. We just drift in from nowhere, and when we drift out again—no matter how we go—why, we don't cause much of a stir. If we're hurt—hurt like you've almost hurt me—there aren't very many who know of it, because we're not important enough to take notice of. Men don't stop very often, like you—that is, a great many of them don't. It's a rare sport for some of them to set us drifting off in other directions, especially if we happen to be pretty. They haven't much thought or mercy or respect—which they might have if we lived in the stone fronts up the street. But you've stopped in time, Bobby."

Her love for him, darkened by an intense pain, glowed in Nell Robinson's eyes even as she spoke, and Robert Fordney reached out to take her hands, his face white with the strain of the terrible confession which he had just made to her.

"Not any more, Bobby," she said, drawing her hands back from him. "You mustn't touch me again—like that. You mustn't. We're both hurt—terribly hurt. But we've got to fight it out in the right way. You mustn't touch me again. You mustn't kiss me any more. You—you know—" Her voice fluttered, her lips quivered for an instant, there came a twitching in her white throat; but in another moment she was herself again, her strong, beautiful young face looking at him steadily. "You know," she finished, "we can't afford to be weak—after this. And now—now you must tell me about—the little girl—you left at home."

Fordney dropped his chin in his hands, so that she saw only the top of his blond head.

"It began—when we were kids," he said, without raising his head. "We just grew up—chums—sweethearts—in a country town. When I broke away to go to college, we were engaged. I hadn't seen anything of life then—nothing of men and women like I've seen since then—and it wasn't fair to me or to her. You understand? I was like a dynamo, scarcely sleeping nights because of my desire to become a living part of that big, hustling life ahead of me; and she—she was back in that little country town, ignorant of all the things I dreamed of, a slow, true, plodding girl, who thought of nothing but a little home, who didn't care for newspapers, who dressed—"

"I know," said the girl softly, as he hesitated. "I understand."

"I should have broken it off then," he continued, still with bowed head; "but I didn't. Somehow, I thought it wasn't right. I thought that my own ambitions and great energy would make her different. But they didn't—after we were married. She seemed a—a sort of blank to me. I'm pretty low for saying these things, Nell. But, you see, my life went black—years of it. Then—you know what happened. I met you, and the instant I saw you I knew. I loved you from that moment. I tried to fight against that love, but it was too strong. I came to this city and secured employment with the firm for which you worked—to be near you. I didn't tell you I was married. God forgive me, I won your love, and I—I planned like a criminal. You know—I was going to marry you—take you away off to the other end of the world—lose myself forever to those who knew me over here. But at the last moment, Nell, I couldn't."

He lifted his face, white and haggard. It was no whiter than the girl's. She questioned him tenderly, steadily, while her heart was breaking.

"Bobby—this little girl, your wife, was born in that country village?"

"Yes."

"And she has lived there all her life?"

"Yes."

"Tell me—is she pretty at all?"

"She has pretty hair," he said, "a big brown braid; but—"

"I know," she smiled understandingly. "She doesn't do it up nicely. And her eyes?"

"Brown—and, yes, they're pretty; only—"

"She doesn't know how to use them," put in the girl. "And her form, Bobby?"

"She is slender and quite tall," he said.

"And—does she ever flirt with you?"

His eyes opened in astonishment.

"Because it is too bad if she doesn't," said the girl. "A wife should flirt with her husband, over the breakfast table, the dinner table, in the evening when she dresses for him, plays for him—"

"I understand you!" he cried breathlessly. "That is what I have dreamed of—longed for—just that!"

"It's too bad, Bobby!" said the girl again, and there was a distant look in her eyes. "I know how you feel. I've heard men talk. And I've seen. It jars most of them—most men—when they see a woman on the street who is prettier than their own wives, or when they meet one who is more clever. If all girls only knew that, Bobby! But they don't. Their love is different than a man's. Now that little wife of yours—if you met with an accident to-morrow, if you lost your eyes, your limbs, had to walk blind

and on crutches all your life—she'd love you still, wouldn't she, Bobby?"

Fordney bowed his head. "Yes," he said, "she would."

"And not only that," resumed the girl, her voice fluttering a little, "but she would love you more than ever. That's the difference between a man's love and a woman's. Rags or broadcloth doesn't make a bit of difference in a woman's love; and a man's failures, the blows he gets, his first gray hairs just seem to make a woman love him more. But with you, Bobby, and most other men, love is largely a matter of high-heeled shoes and the right sort of corset. You're not to blame for it, because it's in your make-up. And it—it—doesn't help you any—now—"

She rose and brought him his hat and cane. Her hands trembled, but she still spoke to him calmly, quietly.

"You mustn't come to see me any more," she said. "I'm going to ask you to go away—leave the city—for a long time. You're a big, strong man, Bobby, and it's no more than right that you should do this. You can get yourself detailed to road work in the West. If you don't go, I must. Do you understand? I must go and find work somewhere else, in another city—"

A red flush leaped into his cheeks.

"You don't think I'd force you to do that!" he exclaimed. "I'll get the road work, Nell. I'll go."

He went down on the street, like a man dazed by a terrible grief, and yet strangely calm, because of the very depths of hopelessness into which he had been plunged. Yesterday—the day before—the world had lived for him once more. Now it was dead. And yet, strangely enough, he did not regret what he had done. He went directly to the office and called up the manager over the telephone. When he hung up the receiver, it was settled. He would start West the following day. Then he wrote to his wife in the little country village a couple of hundred miles distant. He wrote several typewritten pages, explaining what he was going to do and that he would probably be away for several months. He told her where she could write to him, and ended his letter, as he had always ended them, with the words, "Lovingly yours, Robert."

Two weeks later he was in Denver, where he received his first letters from home. There were six of them, one written every other day, all bearing the postmark of the little country village. He knew, before he opened them, what they would contain, that one would be but a repetition of the others—dull, listless, flat, filled with the same endearing terms, the same school-girlish monotony, the same tiresome faith in him. He opened the first and read it through with a cynical smile. For "news" there was her father's rheumatic knee again, her mother's lame back, a newly painted barn, the sale of a neighboring farm. He opened the second letter, with its "My precious husband" at the head, and found that her father's rheumatic knee was worse and that her mother's back was better. There was the same boring monotony through all four that he read. The last two he tore into bits and tossed away unread.

That same day he received a note from Nell—a dozen short lines—and in those lines he found more life, more animation, more things to cheer and urge him on than in his wife's six letters. He was almost sorry when he received these letters from home. For hours afterward they left him in a cloud of gloom, an oppression which he could not shake off. Their monotony, their lack of idea—of a thought that never reached beyond the rural village—began to have a curious effect upon him. Eagerly he looked forward to a few lines from Nell at Salt Lake City. But he found no word from her there. There were, however, seven letters from his wife. He read the first three—or, rather, glanced through them—tore up the three that followed, and opened the seventh. He read this more carefully, because he was going to write to her that night. And as he read, a low whistle came from his lips.

In some way—he could not quite explain how—it was different from any other letter that he had ever received from her. There was not a single mention of the village or of the people in the village. She told him of a magazine she had subscribed for, and asked him half a dozen questions about life in a big city. She had never questioned him before, except about himself. At the end she fairly startled him by saying that she had read three books in the last week, and she asked him if he would not send her one good book each week. For the first time in two years Robert Fordney did not tear up his wife's letter. He read it through twice. Then he folded it and placed it in his breast pocket.

At Portland there was the usual bunch of mail waiting for him, but this time his wife had written him once each day. From the first letter to the last he saw a change—a change that grew greater with each letter that he read. He was more than surprised. He was bewildered, and he taxed his brain to find some solution to the growing mystery. The postmarks were the same, yet they began to breathe of another and bigger world outside the little village. They called for a different kind of letter from himself, and when, at Los Angeles, his wife wrote

him that she was devoting two hours a day to music, he was so pleased that he telegraphed her his congratulations and sent her a six months' supply of music by the next mail. It was in a Los Angeles letter, three months after he had started West, that she broke with startling unexpectedness into a discussion of the two latest plays, one of which was taking the country by storm. For two hours after reading this letter Robert Fordney smoked cigars and thought. Was it possible, he asked himself, that Ruth, his wife, was writing him these letters?

At the end of the fifth month he was in San Francisco. He heard rarely from Miss Robinson now, and when he did her notes were restricted to a dozen or so lines. Once or twice when his mail failed him he was conscious of a new and curious feeling of disappointment. He was conscious, too, of a slow change taking place within him.

As yet he had reached no explanation of the change in his wife. Several times he had asked her questions which might have led to a solution of the mystery, and he saw that she shrewdly evaded making the explanations which he wanted. This evasion in itself was a delight to him, while clouding him still more deeply in the inexplicableness of the situation. He was actually disappointed when he found that business demanded his return to the city in which his firm was situated before he could go home.

A few days later Fordney got off his train and streamed out with the other passengers through the depot gate of what he had come to call his "home city." It was late in the afternoon and he had expected no one to meet him. Scarcely had he passed through the gate, however, when he heard a familiar voice speak his name, and in another moment he was shaking hands with Nell Robinson.

"I've been to three trains this afternoon," she cried, her face flushing a little under his delighted gaze, "and I thought surely I would be disappointed this time! How fine you look, Bobby!"

"It's mighty good of you!" he exclaimed. "I didn't expect you to meet me—after sending me away."

"I know that I shouldn't have come, Bobby," said the girl, her blue eyes looking at him frankly; "but I couldn't resist the temptation, just this once. It's been lonely—awfully lonely—and I wanted you all to myself for the first few hours, just to talk to and to have you talk to me. You needn't let them know at the office that you're in—and we'll have supper together, then you can take me to the theater, and then—"

"And then—" he repeated.

"And then we'll say good-by again," she finished, trying to laugh in her old way. "I'm leaving to-morrow. I'm going to a branch office which the firm is establishing in St. Louis."

In the moment's silence between them he understood a great deal which she had not spoken. They walked slowly up the street, turned on Jefferson, and then went down to Grand Circus Park. In spite of the fact that there was an autumn chill in the evening air, the girl suggested that they seat themselves on one of the park benches.

"And now tell me everything—everything that has happened, Bobby," she demanded.

"Nothing much—happened," he said. "In a business way I couldn't have done better. Outside of that—"

"Aren't you a bit anxious to go home?" she interrupted.

He looked at her for a moment in silence. Without knowing it, he had longed for this opportunity to unburden himself, and briefly he told of the strange change that had come into his wife's letters and of his curiosity to learn what it meant.

"Don't say you're 'curious,' Bobby," reproved the girl. "It's more than that."

"I don't know that it is—" he began, when she interrupted him again and sprang suddenly to her feet.

"I'm as hungry as a bear, Bobby! You must take me to supper." As he rose from the seat, she caught him by his arm. "You admire pretty girls. Look at her!"

A couple had passed behind them an elderly gentleman, with a young and stylish woman at his side. Fordney's eyes followed listlessly in the direction, indicated by Miss Robinson's nod. At a glance he took in the young woman's back, from the immaculate trimness of her slender waist to the jauntily flowing plume on her wide-brimmed hat.

"I don't look at pretty girls very often any more," he said. "I guess I'm cured, Nell, or I'm growing old. Which is it?"

"Neither," she said, hurrying him along the walk. "You'll wake up again, Bobby. I'll bet you a cookie they're going to the Pontchartrain for supper. Let's follow."

"If it's any fun for you, we will," he agreed.

He looked again at the couple as they passed under a light ahead of them. The elderly man's companion was undeniably pretty, if one could judge at all without seeing her face. He could see the glint of her brown hair, coiled low on her neck. As Nell had guessed, they entered the Pontchartrain.

(Continued on page 206.)

Our

FOR THE State

representing late Emperor the highest nation, a pec American station in the United States

Secretary America has now intrusted the same im Commodore P William was set by Presid personage to brother. Not dent Taft exp capable and t accompany her solemn, cerem

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Our Most Distinguished Special Mission

Why Secretary Knox Goes to Japan, While His Capable and Tactful Wife, at the Express Request of the President, Accompanies Him to the Far East

By ROBERT D. HEINL, Washington Correspondent for Leslie's Weekly

FOR THE first time in the history of the United States a Secretary of State has been designated as a special ambassador to a foreign Power. When Mr. Taft conferred upon Secretary Knox the unique and distinguished honor of representing the President at the funeral of the late Emperor Mutsuhito, there was paid, along with the highest possible mark of respect to the Japanese nation, a peculiar and well-deserved tribute to an American statesman who has served with such distinction in the Cabinets of three Presidents and in the United States Senate.

Secretary Knox, whose notable trip to Latin America has been so productive of good results, is now intrusted with a mission which is regarded with the same importance as was the memorable visit of Commodore Perry to Japan fifty years ago. Emperor William was quick to follow the unusual precedent set by President Taft. The Kaiser sent no less a personage to Japan than Prince Henry, his own brother. Not less interesting is the fact that President Taft expressly requested that Mrs. Knox, the capable and tactful wife of the Secretary of State, accompany her husband half around the world on this solemn, ceremonial journey.

Much has appeared in public prints about Secretary Knox, but less regarding Mrs. Knox. This has been due not to her lack of accomplishments, for she is one of the most charming and accomplished Cabinet hostesses who has ever graced Washington's official set. There is not a more interesting woman in public life than Mrs. Knox, and so much could be told about her that it is hard to know where to begin.

Women with social prestige are often cold and indifferent, but this could not be said of the wife of the present Secretary of State. Above all things, she has a kindly heart and is courteous to everybody alike. At one of the great New Year's Day receptions, when any one may call at the White House and thousands of persons file through to shake hands with the President, a forlorn and rather shabbily dressed woman lost her place in the line. The Marine Band was playing a quickstep and the scene was impressive. She became somewhat confused and did not know which way to turn. Tears were in the eyes of the woman, when Mrs. Knox, who was in the receiving line, saw her plight. Without a second's hesitation, she left her station at the side of Mrs. Taft and went to where the stranger was standing. The woman was instantly put at her ease and directed how to proceed. Mrs. Knox, the perfect hostess, was so unostentatious in the matter that possibly not more than one or two persons noticed what had transpired.

President Taft personally requested Mrs. Knox to accompany the Secretary of State on his visit to the Central American republics. The request proved of the greatest benefit to the mission of good faith and American friendship to our neighbors of the south. If Mr. Knox had gone alone, only men would have been privileged to attend many of the formal functions. With Mrs. Knox in the party, it immediately became an event in which all might participate, and it was a delicate tribute to the women of Central America.

Any one who has been on an official, speech-making, three-months continuous travel tour may readily realize that the physical hardships are not those for a woman to undertake. The Knox party crossed the American continent four times and covered upward of ten thousand miles. Fourteen coun-



MRS. PHILANDER C. KNOX.
The charming and tactful wife of the Secretary of State, who accompanies her husband in his special mission to Japan.

tries were visited and there was an endless series of state banquets and formal receptions. Every form of conveyance was used, from a handcar to a basket chair in which Secretary and Mrs. Knox were hoisted from a warship launch on the Pacific side to a high pier in Salvador, where the surf would not permit of an ordinary landing. The tropical heat and the almost ever-present dust made it all the harder. From beginning to end Mrs. Knox proved herself more than equal to every occasion.

It is not on record that she was ever late or kept anybody waiting. To appreciate this it must be understood that the Latin Americans are quite as particular as we are about dress, if not more so. Some of our women who have gone to those countries have been criticised on this account. A mission of congressional notables took their wives to Mexico for a certain occasion. The women of the party were said to have looked upon the trip as a junket into a country where little attention would be paid to dress. Their consternation is described when they were brought face to face at a reception in the President's palace, in Mexico City, which equaled in brilliance

scenes in a European court. According to the story, the most our women carried was a few extra shirt waists.

Members of the Knox party cannot help but remember the particularly charming appearance of Mrs. Knox at the ball which was tendered to the Secretary of State by the President of Costa Rica. Always correctly dressed, but never in an extreme style, she attracted continual notice which amounted to expressions of pleasure from the Central American women. On this particular night in Costa Rica the reception was held in the Opera House, said to be the second most magnificent theater structure in America. With hardly an exception, the gowns worn that evening were imported at great expense, most of them from Paris. It was a brilliant display and every woman endeavored to look her best. However, when Mrs. Knox appeared, almost as one person those present voiced their homage. I could not describe the gown she wore that evening, but I remember that, next to its elegance in appearance, the thing which struck me most was its simplicity in color and design.

Another time when Mrs. Knox attracted even more than the usual attention was at the state dinner which was tendered by President Gomez of Venezuela. It was laid in the celebrated Miraflores Palace, in Caracas, which compares favorably in interior beauty and spaciousness with the White House. Secretary Knox, in all his experience in public life, probably never saw a more elaborately decorated table or a more pretentiously served meal. The Western Hemisphere had been scoured for delicacies and rare edibles. In an adjoining hall was a superb orchestra of one hundred pieces. Mrs. Knox was escorted into the banquet room by the President himself, and she must have been made conscious of the approval which those present voiced when she appeared that evening.

The dinner and ball lasted until far into the night, but, notwithstanding this fact, Mrs. Knox was up with the party and aboard a special train which left at six o'clock the next morning. There was a visit to the country ranch of President Gomez and almost constant travel all day by train, boat and motor, until the party finally reached Puerto Cabello, at about eleven o'clock that night. Daylight fireworks and crowds had greeted the party along the line and it would be hard to tell how many speeches Secretary Knox had been obliged to make, but it was midnight before Mrs. Knox reached her quarters on the cruiser *Washington*, which started immediately for the next port and another series of receptions.

It is safe to say that the Japanese will be quick to appreciate the tribute paid to them by the presence of Mrs. Knox along with the distinguished Secretary of State. Throughout the visit she will observe the mourning customs which now prevail in Japan—simple black for men, and the same for women, except at court. Where in the West would be worn low-necked gowns, there the high-neck effect will be observed, but everything black. Mrs. Knox will be the same gracious figure in the far East as she is in Washington official social life or in her own home, where there is a daughter and three sons.

Delightful Inland Swimming Pools

By ELLEN KING

SWIMMING pools on inland country places are becoming justly popular, and it is a wonder that in this age of luxury every possessor of a summer home which is near neither sound, river, sea nor lake, and does not boast of even a brook or tiny pond, should not at once provide himself with an artificial pool.

One of the handsomest swimming pools in the country is on the John Jacob Astor estate, at Rhinebeck, N. Y., on the Hudson. It was designed by the late Stanford White, it cost \$200,000, and it has all the splendor of the baths of the ancient Romans. It is built of costly marble, of a dazzling whiteness, surrounded by mirrors and inclosed overhead by a great dome, like an iridescent soap bubble, while tall palms and blooming plants decorate the space about the pool, and an exquisite fountain plays at either end of the marble basin.

A gentleman who has a place not far from New York has chosen an ideal background for his swimming pool, in a low Greek building of stucco, which serves as a luxurious bathhouse. The side intended for the man of the family and his guests has a shower-bath apparatus. Both this section and the ladies' dressing-room on the other side have concrete floors, with a draining place in the center. A wide, comfortable bench extends around two sides of the room. Rows of large hooks and a broad dressing table, holding every requirement from mirror and pins to talcum powder, occupy the other two sides, and there are racks for wet bathing suits and piles of soft bath towels.

The pool itself is about seventy or eighty feet long by twenty wide, seven feet deep at the further end and four feet deep in front of the bathhouse, from which four or five steps lead down into it. It is built of concrete, with a border of concrete about a foot and a half wide level with the soft green turf. The water comes from an artesian well and is kept free from all vegetable growth by a weak solution of iodine, which imparts a blue tinge to the liquid, so that the pool is like a large sapphire smoothly shimmering in its white concrete setting. Who can describe the delicious sensation of sliding into its cool blue depths, the velvety smoothness of the water and the luxurious swimming up and down lazily, while the thrushes and robins sing? The deep end is fine for diving, the shallow end for those who do not swim, and it is large enough to give half a dozen or more people a thoroughly enjoyable time.

I know another swimming pool in central New York, which has been made by nature, but assisted by man—a deep pool, so deep that no one has ever sounded its depths. Here the water is icy cold and black, framed in densely wooded hills. There was just a little coaxing long ago of a tiny brook and some mountain springs that mingled together to form this lovely place of refreshment. The float in the middle, made of air-tight barrels with boards nailed on them and steps on either side, can be reached in about ten strokes from the bathhouse on the shore. Here young and old used to assemble in the warmest part of the day and do water stunts of many kinds. Another inland swimming pool—a nat-

ural one—I remember was in the Rocky Mountains. It was called Green Pond and its waters were of the color of an emerald, translucent and so clear that one could look down through their crystal depths and behold a strange sight—a forest of gigantic trees petrified and standing upright. Who knows how many thousand years ago the waters had crept over the forest? The trout in this little pool were the most delicious ever eaten by mortal man.

Of all the pools I remember, none gave me the pleasure I felt on beholding a tiny one left by the sea on the white beach at Coney Island. It could not have been more than two feet deep and six feet long. It had some tiny shells and star fish in it, and, best of all, four fat, happy, naked babies, tumbling about in the water and making such a pretty picture that I stopped to enjoy it with their tired mothers on the beach. It was a hot day and they were getting more joy out of that little pool of fresh salt water than the whole ocean could have given them. A swimming pool of whatever size is sure to be a source of delight to rich and poor alike. Let us have more of them.

Many dwellers in the country could, at moderate cost, construct for themselves adequate swimming pools if they cared to do so. A brook or a flowing spring could be utilized for either an open or an inclosed little pond. The stream might be dammed or an excavation might be made in the ground and the water diverted to it, or a concrete tank might be built. The bottom of the pool should, if possible, be covered with soft sand, and it would be well if the pool could be connected with the house in some way.

How Secrets of State Leak Out in Washington

By GEORGE SHERIDAN

THERE was a midnight meeting of a high government official and his confidential assistant at the former's home in Washington. They had come together in the greatest secrecy. So far as the men were aware, not a soul but themselves knew that they were meeting. The object of this mysterious conference was to discuss the fate of a subordinate division chief.

They decided that he must be summarily dismissed. Before departing, the officials agreed that Mr. Symington (so I shall call him for purposes of convenience), the man slated to go, would not be informed of his dismissal until noon the next day. Then the men bade each other good-night. The outsider was careful not to be seen leaving the home, and he traversed a circuitous route to his own house, arriving there as the first signs of dawn were showing in the east.

Mr. Symington, of course quite unaware that he had been the subject of an all-night confab, was later than usual getting to his desk the following morning. The negro messenger bowed lower than was customary as he opened the door for his chief to enter.

"Pretty warm this morning, Andy," he said to the darky pleasantly, and then added, "but I guess you folks don't mind the heat so much."

Symington was in a happy frame of mind and whistled softly as he assorted out the important letters from the stack of mail in front of him. He noticed that, contrary to the custom, his messenger had followed him in and apparently was dusting off the handsome mahogany desk. Symington reached over to push a buzzer to call his stenographer, when the negro straightened up suddenly with, "Just a minute, colonel!"

Symington was plainly surprised at the action and seriousness of the veteran servant and exclaimed, "Why, what's the matter, Andy?"

"I guess you don't know what's happened," Andy was visibly nervous by this time. "I imagine no one ain't told you the news."

"The news?" Symington repeated vaguely. "No, I guess not, Andy. What news?"

Here the negro started to reply, but stopped abruptly.

"Out with it!" commanded Symington impetuously, who had a mass of work ahead of him and wanted to get at it. "No time for fooling."

"It sure ain't no time for fooling, chief," Andy went to it now. "You are to be discharged at twelve o'clock to-day."

Symington started. "Yes, chief; the high bosses has it all fixed to swing you"—the negro was talking freely—"and I guess poor old Andy has got to go with you."

At first the division chief questioned the negro sharply, but he quickly calmed down when the messenger related to him almost the exact details of what had happened the night before. Symington hastened to the office of his superiors and the untimely visit threw them into a state of consternation.

Armed with the information as to what had been going on, Symington forced the hands of his enemies. He declared the whole move a "frame-up," and finally there was a complete back-down on their part, and to this day that government official holds his job.

Then you inquire how did the old darky find out about the secret conference. His sleuthing was only a true example of the marvelous workings of the most mysterious word-passing agency in the offices of high officials at the national capital, commonly known as the "Black Herald." Ask any one who knows his Washington who the first group is to know the latest gossip and from whom it is often impossible to hold the most guarded secrets of state, and he will tell you that it is the same "Black Herald," made up from the negro messengers, personal attendants, who have access to the innermost and sacred precincts of the highest offices.

It might be explained that each chief of division or higher official has assigned to him a messenger, usually an old and trusted negro. His duties are to bring in the mail, announce visitors, make

himself useful in numerous ways about the office, and to stand by for personal service such as a busy office man demands. The messengers are scattered through the great departments, and what they collectively are not aware of in the way of things going on is hardly worth knowing. If Henry Smith has resigned as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, then these boys are able to tell you from five hours to five days ahead of anybody else who his successor is likely to be. I know it to be a fact that one of these black aids told that Carmi A. Thompson would be named secretary to the President twenty-four hours before the first newspaper man even suspected that Mr. Thompson was being considered for that high place.

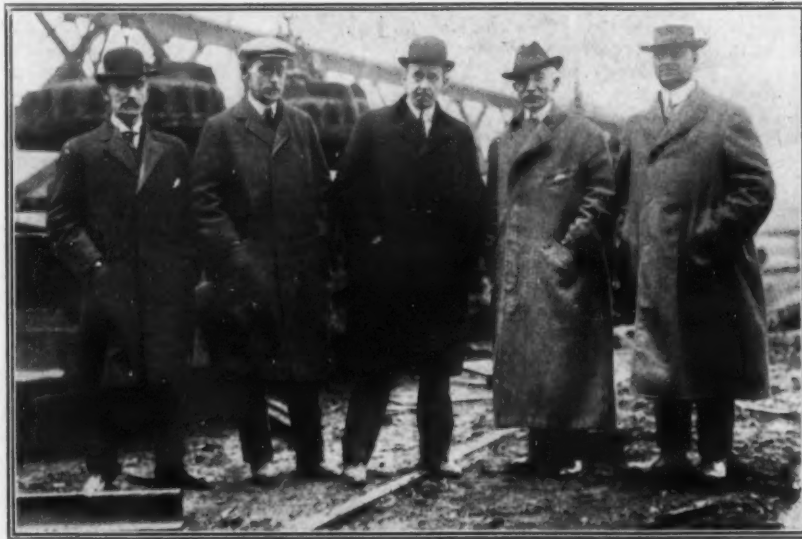
There are several thousand of these messengers about, and to a large extent they are the most adept self-effacing listeners and anticipators in the world. That is not saying that they are disloyal to their superiors or in the least way dishonest, for it is a fact that, while they juggle these secrets among themselves and pass the word up and down the block-long corridors and from building to building clean out to the Capitol, there is hardly a case on record where one of the messengers has disclosed guarded information to his personal gain. These men are usually as honest as the day is long, but they have the most unusual opportunities for personal observation and they wouldn't be human if they didn't listen to what was going on. Imagine yourself in the presence of a couple of Cabinet officers or a member of the President's official family and one of the most distinguished men of affairs in the country, about whom you had probably read columns—and suppose these men were conferring upon a subject in which the whole nation was on tiptoe and holding its breath, at the time of a great panic or war crisis, say,

If you had occasion to be in their presence even if only for a few minutes and if they were talking, wouldn't you be apt to listen? These messengers have plenty of time to read the newspapers, or, if they cannot read, to learn through others all about prominent persons and their relations to public events.

For example, a Cabinet officer is holding an important conference and he desires to refer to certain correspondence. His private secretary is in an adjoining room and busy with callers who desire to see the Secretary on important matters and the usual volume of work. The Cabinet officer has not time to personally go to the files. What is more natural than for him to send for a messenger to come into the room, and then have him go for the papers? This man is probably in the room for but a few minutes, but often it is long enough for him to get the drift of the conversation. The principals do not cease conversing when the messenger comes in, because he is a fixture. They forget that he has ears, and no more attention is paid to him than if he were a piece of furniture. Of course the servant listens. He is a human being and he has to. And every now and then some guarded secret leaks out and there is an eight-day sensation which fairly rocks the continent. Nobody is able to figure out how it became public. It will be remembered that the McNamara confession came as a bombshell and a complete surprise to all concerned, although it had been determined the night before that the men were to confess.

An astute observer remarked that such a secret as that would have been impossible to keep in official Washington, with its infinite number of ears and "rubbering" departmental telephone operators. This man declared that there was no city in the United States so small or quite as sensitive when it came to guarding confidential matters. He was undoubtedly correct in his assertions, especially when he later mentioned the "Black Herald." It cannot be denied that for listening qualities this agency has the dictagraph beaten a mile and could prove itself a thousand times as dangerous.

Corporations Which Have Souls



DEVISERS OF SAFEGUARDS FOR THE WORKERS.

Members of the Pennsylvania Industrial Commission which has drafted laws to protect workmen in mills, factories and mines from injury, to render easier the lot of workwomen, and to compensate those injured while at work. Left to right: J. B. Colohan, Jr., a Philadelphia corporation attorney; F. H. Bohlen, a Philadelphia attorney; D. A. Reed, chief counsel for the United States Steel Corporation; George C. Hetzel, a woolen manufacturer of Chester, Pa., and John J. Cushing, a mill man of Monessen, Pa. The commission has spent months looking through mills and mines and will report to the Legislature.

THE Pennsylvania Legislature will, at its next session, be asked to pass laws to protect the workmen of the mills, mines and factories from injury; to render easier the lot of the workwomen, and to compensate those injured while at work. Drafts of several laws have been prepared, embodying all these reforms. The power behind these reforms is the employers themselves. The corporations of the State fathered a law creating an industrial commission to investigate and report to the Legislature, with recommendations for laws benefiting the workman and providing compensation for death and injury.

Two drafts of the proposed laws have been made and the last one will be submitted to the Legislature after final hearings are held in Pittsburgh and Philadelphia. Women's working hours

are to be reduced from a maximum of sixty in a week and twelve in a day to fifty-four in a week and ten in a day. The laws governing factories and factory inspection are to be more stringent and clearly defined. The Legislature is to be given more latitude in providing compensation for injuries received while at work and compensation to victims of occupational diseases. Under the new laws receipt of benefits from a relief organization to which the company subscribes shall not bar an injured employee from recovering compensation from that company. Relatives in foreign countries of workmen injured in Pennsylvania may recover, according to the new code.

Foremost in the commission which has drafted this liberal code is D. A. Reed, chief counsel for the United States Steel Corporation, who fought

the case of the company before the Stanley committee. Another member is J. B. Colohan, Jr., a Philadelphia corporation attorney. F. H. Bohlen, a Philadelphia attorney, also is a member. Other members are George C. Hetzel, a woolen manufacturer of Chester; Morris Williams, a coal operator of Philadelphia; John J. Cushing, a mill man of Monessen, and Francis Feehan, an official in the United Mine Workers. The commission has spent months looking through the mills and mines of the State, examining safety devices and questioning employees. The draft of the code submitted, which is approved by all labor organizations, indicates how well this commission, fathered by the corporations, has done its work.

The Strength of the Mighty.

(Continued from page 204.)

"I don't believe I want to go in, after all," she said, hesitating outside the door. "I don't want you to admire any one but me to-night, Bobsy."

Fordney laughed as they entered the cafe. Five minutes later he was giving their orders. When he looked up from the menu card, he caught Miss Robinson's eyes staring over his shoulders.

"Look!" she whispered. "I can't help it! Look—and tell me if she is not beautiful!"

Puzzled, he looked about. For a full half minute he stared at the young woman seated half a dozen tables away, with her profile to him. When he turned to Miss Robinson, his face was white.

"My God!" he exclaimed. "She's my wife!"

His companion's face was as white as his own.

"Nonsense!" she said, looking straight into his eyes. "Your wife! A girl like that!"

He laughed uneasily.

"Pardon me, Nell," he said. "There's a resemblance—a remarkable resemblance—and it startled me."

"Then—then you lied to me, Bobsy! You said your wife was—"

"I know, I know," he expostulated pleadingly.

"Bobsy"—the girl's eyes were like blue diamonds now—"Bobsy, I'm going to say something to you. You say there is a resemblance there—a likeness that startled you. Then—then—there must have been a chance for her. I'm going to tell you where you've been wrong—where you haven't been fair to that little wife back in the country village. If she looks like—like that girl does, and she isn't here with you now, it's a proof you haven't given her a fair chance. Where would you have been, Bobsy, and what would you have been if you had remained all your life in that same village, if you had never gone to college, if you had never gone out into the big, hustling world you talk so much about? Bobsy, listen—"

Her hands were gripping his across the table.

"What if you had brought that little wife to this city with you? What if you had found her a place down there in the office with you, let her work with you, mingle with life—that hustling business life that makes men and women? What if—"

"Nell—Nell—I'm going to! I swear it!"

"It's too late, Bobsy!"

"Too late!"

She was smiling at him now.

"Yes, too late. I'll tell you why. The day after you left for the West, I started for that country village—to see your wife. I brought her back with me. She has been with me ever since. She has worked as my assistant and has roomed with me. Every other night for six months we have been at a theater, a lecture, an art museum or somewhere, and that little wife of yours came to life like a flower that has been starving for water. And it was all for you, Bobsy. She loves you even more than I did. Every night she wrote to you and we had those letters posted at the country village. She's true blue, Bobsy. It was all I could do to get her to go to supper with my old uncle to-night—because he's a man, and she thought you wouldn't like it. Think of that, Bobsy!"

"Nell—"

"Yes, you're right, Bobsy. She doesn't know you are here. Go to her—for that little girl over there, who is ten times prettier and sweeter than I am, is your wife!"

The Man Who Bosses Presidents

(Continued from page 198.)

was sent broadcast throughout the land. A minute later, when Admiral Evans assumed a natural attitude, he snapped him and secured a very good picture.

While Mr. Sutton was out after a picture of Supreme Court Justice Hughes, he encountered Miss Helen Taft on Sheridan Circle. Miss Taft is her own chauffeur and each day goes to this place in an electric. There she mounts her horse for a canter in Rock Creek Park. Mr. Sutton approached the President's daughter and asked if she would be good enough to pose for a photograph on horseback. He explained that he had the wrong kind of a camera for a snapshot and that he might have to ask her to stand still for a time. "I will grant your request on the condition that you do not take me while I am mounting my horse," said Miss Taft. An army sergeant in charge of the horses had a hard time keeping them quiet. Miss Taft again cautioned Mr. Sutton not to take her photograph while she was mounting. He respected her request. After she was seated, Miss Taft patiently posed for a series of interesting photographs.

Politics makes extremely curious photographic bed-fellows. During the meeting of the Democratic National Committee at the capital, after considerable work, the photographer lined up Colonel Bryan, Norman E. Mack and numerous other Democratic leaders for a night picture on one of the upper floors of the Shoreham Hotel. In fact, the Democrats were backed against a door by the camera. There was a terrific explosion as the flashlight went off. Suddenly the door opened and out stepped a somewhat alarmed guest, to see if the place had been blown up by dynamiters. To the amusement of the assembled Democrats, the stranger proved to be none other than Collector William Loeb, Jr., of New York, one of the most influential Republican leaders and probably closer than any other man in the country to both Taft and Roosevelt. When Colonel Bryan was leaving the White House the first time he had been there during President Taft's term, Sutton photographed him. "At last we have proof that I have been in the White House," the colonel said.

"Uncle Joe" Cannon, James J. Hill and John D. Rockefeller are three of the most photographed men in America. Andrew Carnegie is also a favorite subject for the camera man. When Mr. Carnegie was in Washington last year, for the dedication of the Bureau of American Republics, the time he was presented with a medallion for his splendid work for the South American republics, Sutton was sent to the New Willard to get his portrait. The Steel King was asleep, but Mrs. Carnegie consented to wake him up. Mr. Carnegie was very drowsy. Sutton made six exposures. Andy was obliging, but he went to sleep between every two pictures.

After the selection of Champ Clark as new speaker of the House and before he was inducted into office, Sutton sought him out to have a picture taken in the speaker's chair, which might be sent to the newspapers in advance, to be released on the opening day of Congress. Representative Clark was not then speaker and hesitated to assume the speaker's rostrum. However, on condition that the photograph would not be released until the day that Congress opened, Mr. Clark consented to be photographed. He was actually photographed as speaker, through Sutton's enterprise, a month before he assumed office. Not a paper printed the picture before the hour that Speaker Clark actually assumed the office.

One of the most sought women in America by photographers is Mrs. Alice Roosevelt Longworth. She is extremely well liked and there is a tremendous amount of public interest in what she does not only in Washington, but everywhere else. While Sutton was waiting to photograph the President on horseback, Representative and Mrs. Longworth came along, and Sutton ran across the street and said, "Mrs. Longworth, won't you and Mr. Longworth stand for a picture?" She said, "Do you really want another photograph of me? You have taken my picture so many, many times!" Cardinal Gibbons had been

dedicating a small church in the northwest part of Washington. He was considerably fatigued with a long service and hastened to take off his robes. Sutton got there late. When he told the cardinal that it was up to him (Sutton) to get something to bring back for the newspaper, Cardinal Gibbons very obligingly returned to the church and put on his robes again.

At the time the war flurry of Mexico was at its height, Sutton's editor sent him out to secure photographs of General Wood, chief of staff of the United States army. "Get life into them," were the instructions; "action—make them look like the real thing!" Sutton went to the home of the army officer. There was a group of officers and friends there who insisted that General Wood deliver the goods for Mr. Sutton. "I don't like that background, general," said Mr. Sutton. "Let's get something wilder. I've got to get a background which looks like Mexico, where the war is liable to be." (A real newspaper photographer always works in the anticipation tense.) The audience was tremendously pleased with this idea, and they insisted that General Wood go outside into an adjacent vacant place. "Your expression is not right, general. Draw your sword and assume the commanding position. You wouldn't lead troops like that." "But I haven't any sword to draw!" protested the general. He had only a riding crop. "Well," said Sutton, "point that as if it were the sword and look worried, as if you had troops behind you and were leading them on to battle and saying, 'Come on, boys!'" Wood did. The picture was a corker.

At the now famous Gettysburg review, shortly after Roosevelt became President and after McKinley's death, when something like one hundred thousand troops were assembled, an order was issued that no newspaper photographers were to be allowed on the reservation. Sutton knew about this. As he left his home, on a chance that it might come in handy, he took with him a pass which had been issued for the maneuvers there the year before. Of course he was refused admission at the main entrance at Gettysburg. There were possibly twenty-five photographers from Philadelphia, New York and Washington clamoring for admission. All were flatly turned down. Sutton was not disheartened. He walked down the road for a half mile, sized up a clean-cut guard who at the time was walking in the opposite direction. Sutton waited until the soldier was ready to turn around, and he walked briskly across the line. "Here! Where are you going?" shouted the guard. "No cameras allowed inside the lines." "Why," exclaimed Sutton, in apparent surprise, "I just came out of there!" Then Sutton displayed his pass, carefully keeping his finger over the last year's date. He was allowed to proceed. He took all sorts of photographs, some of the artillery, some of the infantry, some of the signal corps and everything.

After he had made about thirty or forty exposures, the photographer came upon President Roosevelt, who was mounted on a prancing charger, inspecting the cavalry. Sutton, whom Roosevelt knew very well and liked, ran in front of the President, focusing his camera. "What are you doing here?" snapped T. R. "You have got to get out!" "Just a minute, Mr. President!" shouted Sutton, raising his hand. For the instant Roosevelt complied with the request, but immediately after he heard the click of the shutter he called an officer and gave orders to place his friend under arrest. A minute later a mounted guard clattered up and surrounded the lone photographer. He was escorted to the guard house. There he was kept in detention until dark, when no more photographing could be done, and then taken down to the station and put on the train. However, his plates were not disturbed, and he was the only photographer in the United States who had photographs of that particular event.

The Pessimistic Anti.

"A stenographer," said Sneerwell, "seems to be the only woman to whom a man can dictate nowadays."



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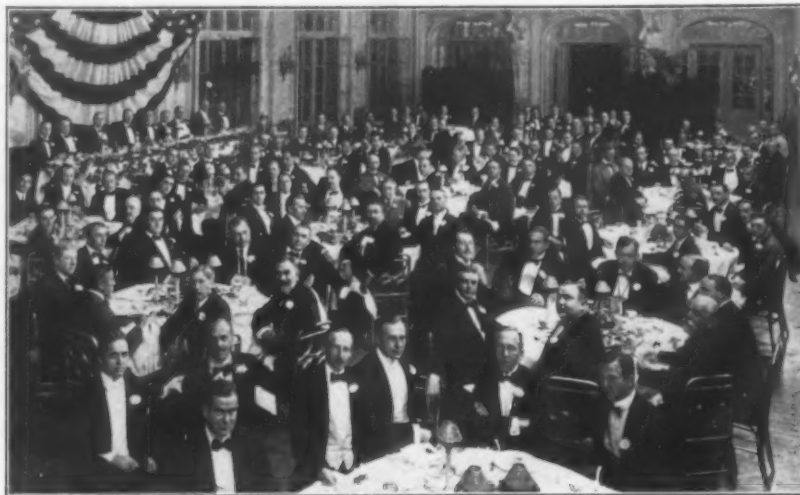
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TO PREVENT THE SALE OF FRAUDULENT STOCKS AND BONDS.

Members of the recently formed Investment Bankers' Association, representing hundreds of the leading investment houses of the country, enjoying a banquet at the Waldorf-Astoria, New York. The object of the association is the protection of both the investing public and of investment brokers against parties who seek to float worthless securities. The organization proposes to investigate every prospective flotation, and unless securities measure up to the fullest standards of honesty and worth they will not receive the association's approval. The association also seeks to bring about uniformity in State and Federal laws governing municipal, railroad, public utilities and other securities. It was stated to the association that new forms of secured credits aggregating \$1,500,000,000 are annually analyzed, approved, created and distributed by investment bankers. The association elected the following: President, George B. Caldwell, Vice-President Continental and Commercial Trust and Savings Bank, Chicago; First Vice-President, A. B. Leach, of A. B. Leach & Co., New York City; Secretary, F. R. Fenton, of Devitt, Trimble & Co., Chicago; Treasurer, C. J. Williams, of the Fidelity Trust Company, Baltimore.

Jasper's Hints to Money-makers

NOTICE.—Subscribers to LESLIE'S WEEKLY at the home office, 225 Fifth Avenue, New York, at the full cash subscription rates, namely, five dollars per annum, are placed on what is known as "Jasper's Preferred List," entitling them to the early delivery of their papers and to answers in this column to inquiries on financial questions having relevancy to Wall Street, and, in emergencies, to answer by mail or telegraph. Preferred subscribers must remit directly to the office of Leslie-Judge Company, in New York, and not through any subscription agency. No additional charge is made for answering questions, and all communications are treated confidentially. A two-cent postage stamp should always be inclosed, as sometimes a personal reply is necessary. All inquiries should be addressed to "Jasper," Financial Editor, LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 225 Fifth Ave., New York.

IT IS said that eels like to be skinned. I don't believe it, yet fishermen say so. I have heard some people say that the public likes to be swindled. Old P. T. Barnum used to like to be called "the prince of humbugs." He fooled the people with an imitation mermaid and a lot of other cooked-up curiosities. He found that it paid him to do so.

When his frauds were exposed, he laughed and the people laughed with him. There was good reason for him to laugh, because he had gotten the people's money. But what made the people laugh? Perhaps they thought the joke was worth the price.

I notice the arrest of three men in New York for selling an imitation house for \$1,000 to a man who was foolish enough to believe that his eyes did not deceive him. The swindlers took him out into the country and showed him a house built on a suburban lot. It seemed to be a well-built home, with pump, gas fixtures and sewer connections. He was told that this was "a sample house," and that for about \$1,000 he could have a lot and a house built on it just like the sample, within thirty days after the contract was signed.

He made a contract, as he supposed, for two lots and a sample house, with all modern improvements, and paid his \$100 down. It then occurred to him to look into the matter a bit. He found that he had signed a contract that did not call for a house, but only for a couple of lots. This aroused his suspicions.

He thought he would look the sample house over. He found to his astonishment that the so-called pump was only a pipe placed in a hole in the ground, with no water connections; that the gas fixtures did not connect with gas mains, and that there were no sewer pipes for the sewer. Of course he wanted his money back. I hope he will get it; but if he doesn't, whose fault is it?

I keep on warning my readers every week against the hosts of swindlers who are peddling worthless or nearly worthless stocks, always on a good commission and with the assurance that if anybody has a loss it will not be the sellers. Yet every week I get a batch of letters with inquiries about the same sort of

common, cheap, every-day swindles that I have been talking about for the last fifteen years. Don't the people read or can't they remember?

There is no reason why any one should be swindled by any purchase he makes. If he buys from an honest seller, he will not be swindled. If he buys from somebody whom he does not know, he runs his chances. Moral: "Buy from friends and not from strangers."

If you want to buy stocks, buy those that have found a place on the stock exchanges of our great cities. In order to get this recognition, they must have at least some merit. Sometimes even these are deceptive, but this is the exception and not the rule. I am glad that Kansas has a "blue sky" law intended to keep swindling stock sellers out of that State, and I am glad that some of the leading and oldest banking houses of the country largely engaged in the sale of high-class investment bonds have organized the Investment Bankers' Association of America.

It is said that more than three million persons in this country have money invested in stocks and bonds, dealt in on the exchanges in great cities like New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, San Francisco and New Orleans. A great many more would invest their surplus savings to better advantage than they can do in the savings banks, if they were only assured of safety.

The purpose of the Investment Bankers' Association of America is to help such investors, by giving them the advantage of conscientious advice, based on a thorough examination of the merits of securities that are offered for sale. It will be a great pleasure for me, in mentioning the bond offers of these houses hereafter, to indicate the connection of the latter with the new association, for the information of my readers.

The stock market has been showing evidences of increasing strength, based mainly on assurances of "bumper crops" of wheat, corn, cotton and other leading agricultural products. It is not correct to speak of these as "bumper crops," however. That means that they will surpass the record. They will not do so. We shall not be assured of the size of the corn and cotton crops—two of the most important—for some weeks to come. I do not see how the stock market can have a continuous upward movement, under existing conditions.

Furthermore, the outcome of the presidential election is feared by not a few, though the speeches of acceptance of the two leading candidates, Taft and Wilson, have been reassuring. It looks as if there might be a chance for a profit before election in almost any of the speculative, low-priced stocks, excepting those that are subject to reorganization. Some of these, like Ameri-

(Continued on page 209.)

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Jasper's Hints to Money-makers

(Continued from page 208.)

Can common, have had all the rise they are entitled to on their merits. There are others which have not yet begun to move upward. It is in the latter that the best opportunities for speculation will be found. In answering inquiries, I take occasion to refer to these more specifically.

Braddock, Pa.: I have never recommended the Telepost Co. stock.

Findley, O.: I do not advise the purchase of the stock of the Lackawanna Coal and Lumber Company as an investment.

Montour Falls, N. Y.: The C. & G. W. 4's have a ready market on Wall Street. At this writing they are selling around 77.

Clearfield, Pa.: Int. Met. Com. around \$20 is simply a speculation with fair possibilities if the local traction situation is satisfactorily unraveled. It is not an investment.

Cleveland, O.: Seaboard Air Line Pfd. is not in the investment class, but is a fairly attractive speculation, with possibilities of dividends only if the railroad situation improves.

Excelsior, Minn.: The Alaska Central Railway was sold under foreclosure in 1909, and was succeeded by the Alaska Northern Railway. The President is O. G. Laberee, Seattle, Washington.

Elizabeth, Pa.: A great deal of suburban property is being offered for sale in the vicinity of New York, much of it at extravagant figures. Unless you have personal information regarding the value of the lots, leave them alone.

Huntington, Mass.: A recent statement in reference to U. S. Motor was somewhat reassuring. It might be well to hold the stock for the present. With reviving prosperity the company should do better in its effort to finance its difficulties.

Triumph, Minn.: Obviously, I cannot pass upon the value of properties not directly under my observation. The best method is to ask for references and a financial statement, and formulate your most conservative judgment.

Detroit: D. R. G. Pfd., has suffered such a serious decline that I hesitate to advise its sale at a loss. If the Interstate Commerce Commission should decide to treat the railroads a little more fairly D. R. G. would have good possibilities. Its business is increasing.

Bristol, Conn.: The Denv. & R. G., First Con. 4's are fairly well secured, but not regarded as gilt edged. The company is in good hands but has suffered as all other railways have from the illiberal policy of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Westerly, R. I.: U. S. L. & H., Pfd. according to its latest reports, is more than earning its 7 per cent. dividends. It looks like a good industrial speculative stock around 85. The common must only be regarded as a speculation having fair prospects of an advance if general prosperity continues.

Stockton, Cal.: Potter Gas Company owns gas and oil lands and supplies gas to Elmira and Corning, N. Y., and several small towns in Pennsylvania. Net earnings have shown something of a decline in late years, and there is \$1,000,000 of 6 per cent. bonds ahead of the stock. I can get no quotations.

Savings, Hartford, Conn.: The 6 per cent. gold bonds offered by the New York Realty Owners, 489 Fifth Avenue, New York, are issued in amounts of \$100 running for ten years, and can be bought on a partial payment plan, which you will find fully described if you will write to the company for its "Circular No. 18."

Eager, Seattle: All the principal terms used in Wall Street are fully explained in the free booklet of "Information to Investors," published for their customers by Leavitt & Grant, members of the N. Y. Consolidated Stock Exchange, 55 Broadway, N. Y. Any of my readers can have a copy by writing them for it and mentioning Jasper.

Partial Payment, Omaha, Neb.: You can buy stocks listed on the Exchange, and investment bonds, on a partial payment plan by arranging with some well established house to that end. A number of prominent houses do business on a partial payment plan, among them Walston H. Brown & Bros., members of the New York Stock Exchange, 45 Wall Street, N. Y. It invites correspondence from my readers.

Industrial Investment, St. Louis, Mo.: An industrial investment security offered on a basis to yield very nearly 6 per cent. is highly recommended by George H. Burr & Company, 14 Wall Street, New York. They offer the Debenture 6's of Sulzberger & Sons Co., a very prosperous concern. It would pay you to inquire into this investment because of several attractive features it possesses. Write to Burr & Company for their "Descriptive Circular No. 104."

Cincinnati, O.: \$60 would not be very much to invest "in safe securities." The price of investment securities is generally above par. You could speculate with \$60 by buying some of the low-priced industrial dividend paying shares. American Beet Sugar Com., selling around \$70, pays 5 per cent., and American Malt Pfd., around \$65, pays 4 per cent. Some still lower priced dividend payers are more highly speculative, and therefore of more doubtful promise.

Subscriber, N. O.: 1. I see nothing particularly attractive in Col. & So. Com. at present. 2. The persistent attacks on the express companies, with threats of governmental interfer-

ence, tend to depress the express stocks. The companies are well managed and so strongly entrenched that they ought to be able to hold their own. 3. Pressed Steel Car preferred is regarded as a fair business man's investment, provided the railroads are given a better opportunity to expand.

Lost Chance, N. O.: 1. You should have bought U. S. & L. H. com. when I called attention to its possibilities. Then it was selling at about half its recent price. It has recently advanced to about 20. When I suggested the purchase of Beet Sugar Com. it was selling at a little above 50. It is now selling at over 70 and paying its 5 per cent. dividend regularly. 2. I have not room for the list you want. Write to Slattery & Co., Brokers, 40 Exchange Place, N. Y., for the list of industrials with large earning power that they recommend.

Curb Stocks, Atlanta, Ga.: Stocks sold on the curb are highly speculative, and generally low priced, so that a good many think well of them for a "flyer." Any broker will buy them for you. "Fractional Lots" means lots less than 100 shares. Some brokers make a specialty of these. There is some advantage in dividing your purchases among several stocks, instead of putting everything into one. Write to J. F. Pierson, Jr., & Co., members of the N. Y. Stock Exchange, 74 Broadway, N. Y., for their free booklet on "Advantages of Fractional Lot Trading."

G., Shelbyville, Tenn.: Bond houses usually do not offer to take back bonds from customers, but if bonds are listed brokers will sell them at the market price whenever so directed. The Title Guarantee and Trust Company, 176 Broadway, N. Y., usually finds a market for bonds it sells to its customers, but these are high class 4 1/2 per cent. guaranteed, and of unquestioned security. Straus & Co., Straus Building, Chicago, who deal in 5 1/2 and 6 per cent mortgages on improved Chicago business property, have made it a rule to purchase the bonds of their customers at a slight concession, if the latter desire to realize. Their plan is described in their *Investor's Magazine*, copy of which will be sent you if you will write to Straus & Co. for it.

Farm Mortgages, Providence, R. I.: Farm mortgage loans in the West yield as high as 6 per cent. Some concerns make a specialty of high class first mortgage farm loans for various amounts, running from \$100 to a few thousand dollars. They have lists of these mortgages, giving a description of each, the location and value of the land, the term of the mortgage, amount of principal, rate of interest, and other facts of interest which the investor can study at leisure. Such a list has been prepared by the Wells & Dickey Company, an old established investment firm, McKnight Building, Minneapolis, Minn. Any of my readers can have the list free of charge by writing them for it, and mentioning Jasper. No charge is made by the firm to the investor.

Suffragette, St. Paul: 1. I see no reason why a woman should not be as successful in speculating as a man. But women must learn to be cautious and not to believe all they read and all the Wall Street tips so freely offered. 2. If you would study market conditions begin by taking up some particular stock, learning all about it, and noticing its quotation, number of shares sold, and reports of earnings printed, almost from day to day. 3. Some stock exchange houses prepare special letters of information for customers regarding stocks they particularly recommend. Such houses are always willing to send these letters to speculators who may apply for them. The stock exchange houses that issue such letters include Alexander & Co., 47 Exchange Place, New York. Their last letter was on the St. Louis and Southwestern Railroad. Around 30 the common stock has attracted a good deal of speculative buying, by those who believe in an advancing market. Alexander & Co. make a specialty of purchasing small lots either outright, or on a monthly payment plan. Write to them for their weekly Market letter.

Take a Chance, Denver, Col.: 1. An excellent report of market conditions will be found every week in the *Financial World*, published by Guenther Publishing Co., 18 Broadway, New York. Its subscription is \$4.00 a year. 2. Among the low priced stocks that ought to do much better if the market continues to show an upward tendency, one might include Ontario & Western around 30, Missouri-Pacific, around 40, Erie Com. a little over 30, Chicago Great Western Pfd. around 35, and St. Louis and San Francisco 2d. Pfd. at about the same price. Among the speculative stocks that have possibilities in a rising market (of the cheaper grade) I would include Corn Products Com. around 15, Central Leather Com. around 30, Distillers Sec. around the same figure, American Malt Com. around 18, and American Ice securities around 25. 3. You could spread your \$1,000 over quite a list of these by buying five shares of each. 4. The partial payment plan is described in a circular on that subject published by John Muir & Co., Specialists in small lots and members of the New York Stock Exchange, 71 Broadway, N. Y. Write to them for copy of their "Circular No. 4."

NEW YORK, August 22, 1912.

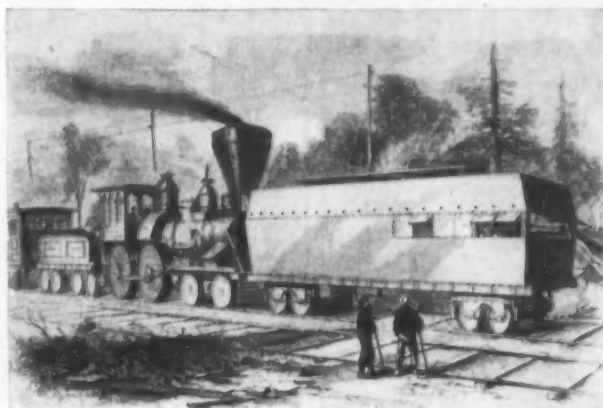
JASPER.

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You will remember how you used to look out for the extras and regular editions of Leslie's during the Spanish-American War.

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Address

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Remember, we guarantee to fit you—we tailor to your exact measurement, cut and trimmed exactly as you want it. There is positively no chance for a mistake with our simple, yet perfect, system of home measurement.

\$7.50 English Slip-On Raincoat \$2.95

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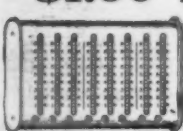
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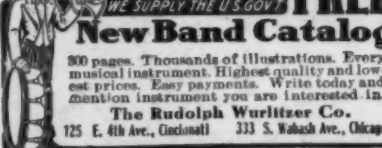
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See Them BEFORE Paying. These gems are chemical white sapphires—LOOK like Diamonds. Stand acid and fire diamond tests. So hard they easily scratch a file and will cut glass. Brilliantly guaranteed 35 years. All mounted in 14K solid gold diamond mountings. Will send you any style ring, pin or stud for examination—all charges prepaid—no money in advance. Write today for free illustrated booklet, special prices and ring measure.

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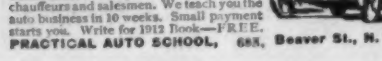
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300 pages. Thousands of illustrations. Every musical instrument. Highest quality and lowest prices. Easy payments. Write today and mention instrument you are interested in.

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The Public Forum

FAIR PLAY FOR RAILROADS.

Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts.

THE COST of operating railroads has gone steadily up. Wages have risen and other expenses have increased. At the same time, the Interstate Commerce Commission stands at hand to prevent the railroads from raising the rates. Such conditions cannot continue. The only body in the world that can operate a railroad at a loss is the government, which can charge the loss up to the people in the form of increased taxes. This pursuit of the railroads, this hunting down of the railroads, goes on with increasing force every day. It has gone beyond the bounds of reason. We shall not gain in the long run by this blind assault upon everything American that has any appearance of prosperity.

RAILROADS IN ALASKA.

Maurice D. Leche, of Seattle.

IF WE must have a leasing system in Alaska, then the government should provide the transportation, either by building railroads itself or by a guarantee of railroad bonds for a private enterprise. Railroads will not be built to the coal fields of Alaska upon any leasing system, unless the lease be so liberal in area and terms as to justify the investment. A lease so liberal as that would mean a more dangerous monopoly than is possible under any system of so-called "private exploitation." On the other hand, if the government will provide the railroads into the coal fields and the necessary wharves, bunkers and facilities for handling the coal, then a leasing system might become entirely feasible. The key to the situation is the transportation, and if the government controls transportation, there will be no danger of a monopoly in the field.

WHAT NEWSPAPERS COST.

Don Seitz, of the New York World.

IT IS the cost of the news service and not the cost of the plant that makes starting a newspaper difficult. Three-fifths of the cost of operating a modern daily are what might be called overhead charges. I mean by that, news service, editorial writers, pictures, cablegrams and the various bureaus. The mechanical side represents only two-fifths of the remainder. I do not know a single progressive newspaper that is not constantly increasing its news outlay far faster than it piles up its mechanical expenditures. The wise editor knows that it is the news that sells the paper and not the press that prints it. In my wide range of newspaper acquaintance, I do not know any capitalist owners nor do I know any successful newspapers that are not owned by themselves. It is not possible for a newspaper to be successful, run in a private interest. The newspaper is a public concern, and when it ceases to serve the public it ceases to be a successful newspaper.

EXPANDING FOREIGN COMMERCE.

O. P. Austin, Chief of the Federal Bureau of Statistics.

FACTS and conditions indicate that our foreign commerce is to continue to expand, and that we are not only to remain the world's greatest producer and exporter, but that the growth, unless checked by some unwise course at home or by unforeseen circumstances abroad, is to continue indefinitely. We hear threats of the exclusion of our products by certain countries, and rumors of European combinations against the United States; but neither past experiences nor the logic of the situation seems to justify the belief that this will be realized. We hear from time to time that certain countries have made laws or rulings adverse to certain of our products, yet the total of our exports to those very countries continues to steadily increase. We have heard in recent years of the prospective boycott of American manufactures by European countries, yet over \$400,000,000 worth of our manufactures last year went to Europe, the greatest manufacturing center of the world. A few years ago a dozen countries simultaneously protested against a pending tariff

measure, yet that measure was enacted without reference to those protests, and to-day our exports to them are more than double those of the year prior to that in which the protest was made.

TELL THE CHILDREN THE TRUTH.

Clifford G. Roe, Moral Reformer.

THERE is no greater love on earth than mother love. It is mother who watches, guides and guards the child as it toddles along from babyhood to manhood or womanhood. Yet, with all this care and love, how few mothers realize that the most important part of rearing the child is being neglected. They follow the old ideas, which are hypocritical. In this great era of moral awakening, let us cast to the winds affected innocence and affected modesty. Fathers, take your boys into your confidence, explain life and its beautiful development. Your boys will then have the highest respect for their sisters and the girls of their acquaintance. Mothers, there is a time in every young girl's life when new thoughts and emotions are awakened and new sensations are developed. Then it is that your girls need and deserve the confiding, careful mother's love. Then is the opportune time to sit down by the fireside and explain life and its wonderful beauty, sweetness and holiness.

The Fan.

"DEAR SIS," the college student wrote,

"I send to you this day

A handsome fan to take with you

To see the Red Sox play."

"The darling boy!" she fondly cried.

And watched express and mail

For some exquisite trifle made

Of silk and ivory pale.

Imagine, then, her great surprise—

Vexation, too, no doubt—

To see the depot surley let

A dashing stranger out—

Full six feet two of manhood, straight,

Athletic, trim, and tall,

A chum of brother Bob's, and so

Devoted to baseball.

MINNA IRVING.

The Old Fan Says:

(Continued from page 200.)

tipped McGraw off to the Athletics' weaknesses. The result of the series didn't indicate that any very valuable secrets of the American League had been peached, and whether President Johnson does or does not like Jennings and his determination to run the club under him according to his own ideas hasn't taken away any of his ability as a great baseball general. But Hughey is going to stick to his post for another couple of seasons, and his encouraging "Eh yah!" sounding from the coaching lines may again help his pets win another flag.

"Well, you've certainly been giving the twirlers a lot of your time lately," remarked the clerk. "Anything more about them before I turn out the lights?"

"Just one other thing, and then it's me for my downy couch. Cy Young, the grand old man of baseball and the hardest working pitcher of recent years, is now out of the national game for keeps. The other day he went in to twirl for the Eagle Stars, representative team of the Order of Eagles, and lost his game to the Weideman team of Newport, Ky. Before the game Cy stated that if he made good he would rejoin the Boston club, and if he failed that he would go into permanent retirement on his farm at Paoli, O. Well, good old Cy not only failed, but was hammered hard. In his retirement, though, he will have the comfort of knowing that the best wishes of every fan in the country are with him."

What He Needed.

The amateur golfer had not been doing very well, and toward the close of the round he turned to the caddie and said, "Let me see! Is that one hundred and ninety-five or one hundred and ninety-six strokes?"

"I don't know, sir," was the reply. "What you need is an adding machine, not a caddie."

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SONG WRITERS WANTED. HUNDREDS OF dollars have been made in successful words or music. Send your work or write today. H. Kirkus Dugdale Co., Desk 749, Washington, D. C.

MEN AND WOMEN WANTED FOR GOVERNMENT positions. \$30.00 month. Thousands of appointments coming. Write for free list of positions open. Franklin Institute, Dept. E142, Rochester, N. Y.

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AGENTS, ONE CENT INVESTED IN A POSTAL card will bring you a \$35 to \$60 a week proposition, selling aluminum ware. American Aluminum Co., Div. 611, Lemont, Ill.

HUSTLING AGENTS WANTED FOR OUR FAST selling Sanitary Household Brushes. Steady work. Big profits. Postal brings particulars. Dept. E. Hale & Kavenek, New Britain, Conn.

FLORIDA LANDS

A BOOK WORTH 25c. BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED, 36 x 12 inch pages, will be sent free on request. State whether interested as homemaker, healthseeker, investor or tourist. Board of Trade, Tampa, Fla. "The 143.2 per cent city."

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OKLAHOMA CITY LEADS THE WORLD IN increase in population during the last ten years with 540% increase. \$150 buys a lot. \$10 down, \$5 per month. Write for plat H. R. M. Conway, Inc., Oklahoma City, Okla.

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OLD COINS—\$7.75 PAID FOR RARE DATE 1853 Quarters. \$20 for a \$1-2. Keep all money dated before 1884, and send 10c at once for new Illustrated Coin Value Book, 4x7. It may mean your fortune. Clark & Co., Coin Dealers, Box 81, LeRoy, N. Y.

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LESSONS IN ELOCUTION BY A SUCCESSFUL impersonator and entertainer. Many years of experience. Negro dialect her specialty. Write for particulars. Mrs. Hardin Burnley, 422 West End Avenue, New York City.

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Does the Investor Invest?

By CHARLES R. DALGLEISH, of Slattery & Co.



CHARLES R. DALGLEISH, Of Slattery & Co., New York.

THESE questions are deep and lead to as much speculation as the investor unknowingly indulges in upon each of his so-called investments. Dividing "investment" securities into three classes, merely for the purpose of bringing home a conclusion without the use of too much space and in order to cover the entire field, the division can be made as follows:

- 1st, Savings-bank securities.
- 2d, All other bonds of an investment character.
- 3d, Stocks of railroad, manufacturing and industrial companies, having a "ready" market.

All investors, including those having from \$500 to \$5,000 to invest, must appreciate that the market in securities in all the three classes fluctuates. Even the highest-grade bond may be worth more or less when the owner desires, either from choice or necessity, to sell.

Of the first class, it is impossible to "spread out thin" an investment of any ordinary amount. Choice "savings-bank" bonds are grabbed up by the savings banks and by the administrators of the largest estates. I say this advisedly—they are "grabbed up." And why should the ordinary investor buy bonds that the law permits the savings banks to buy, but which they refuse to put funds into?

Of the second class, it is difficult—very difficult—to secure just the securities that it is desirable to purchase. The companies having \$100 and \$500 bonds are in the minority, and bonds desired may be very hard to secure and likewise difficult to sell. The fluctuation in price of securities in this class is even greater than in the first class and the risk proportionately greater.

Of the third class, there is no denying the speculative chances involved. Quotations are higher or lower—in fact, constantly changing and susceptible to actual conditions, as also to rumors of

The Way Out.

CHANGE OF FOOD BROUGHT SUCCESS AND HAPPINESS.

An ambitious but delicate girl, after failing to go through school on account of nervousness and hysteria, found in Grape-Nuts the only thing that seemed to build her up and furnish her the peace of health.

"From infancy," she says, "I have not been strong. Being ambitious to learn at any cost I finally got to the High School, but soon had to abandon my studies on account of nervous prostration and hysteria.

"My food did not agree with me, I grew thin and despondent. I could not enjoy the simplest social affair, for I suffered constantly from nervousness in spite of all sorts of medicines.

"This wretched condition continued until I was twenty-five, when I became interested in the letters of those who had cases like mine and who were getting well by eating Grape-Nuts.

"I had little faith but procured a box and after the first dish I experienced a peculiar satisfied feeling that I had never gained from any ordinary food. I slept and rested better that night and in a few days began to grow stronger.

"I had a new feeling of peace and restfulness. In a few weeks, to my great joy, the headaches and nervousness left me and life became bright and hopeful. I resumed my studies and later taught ten months with ease—of course using Grape-Nuts every day. It is now four years since I began to use Grape-Nuts, I am the mistress of a happy home, and the old weakness has never returned." Name given by the Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason." Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in packages.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

impending changes in conditions which might or might not alter the earnings or dividends. But the "ready" market, the fact that even the small sum of \$500 can be spread out and invested in as many as eight or ten different securities, and the advantage of being able to buy and sell "at the market" prices are no small factors in making a choice of the class of security to invest in. It is also possible to secure a larger return upon the investment in this class, and, with the same care in making selections of stocks as should be exercised in the selection of bonds, my conclusion is that the investor will reap a larger return and a greater enhancement of principal without any more actual speculation than by purchasing securities in class one or class two.

Every investor must be most careful and cautious. He should investigate offerings, whether of bonds or stocks, for there is an element of speculation attached to each "investment."

Discredited Billboards.

WHEN circus men go back on billboards, it marks the beginning of the end of that form of advertising. The traveling circus initiated billboards, and in turning from them to newspapers the circus advertiser inaugurates a departure from a tradition and custom which have unquestionably built up many a fortune. While still a novelty, billboards told a story and were effective. But in their rapid multiplication they no longer make the impression they once did. Newspapers give immediate results. They reach the class of people you want to interest. Where one person read newspapers and magazines thirty years ago, hundreds read them now. It is to the papers every one goes to find the record of births, deaths, marriages, weather predictions, Wall Street reports, sermons, prize fights and everything else that is going on in the world. The circus man figures correctly that ninety-nine per cent. of the people will look in the same place to see about the coming of the circus.

The Sells-Floto circus has made the change in its advertising methods and finds that it works wonders in actual results. "At Los Angeles," says H. H. Tammen, part owner of the circus, "we played to the biggest three days' business in the history of our circus. At Oakland we doubled our business on that of last year, and in San Francisco we have been playing to capacity. That's an answer hard to combat." If circus managers prove so conclusively the superiority of periodicals over billboards, it is reasonable to conclude that a little careful analysis on the part of general advertisers would show similar results.

Reform Comes High.

THAT reforms come high is proven by the enormous cost of direct primaries. True political reform ought to involve a cutting down of expenses, but the uniform result of primary elections has been just the reverse. An example is found in Albany County, New York, where the taxpayers had to pay over \$4,000 in order that two men, members of the Independence League, might vote in the primary this spring. Figuring the actual cost of each ballot voted on a basis of the vote cast by each party, the board of elections computes that the two votes of the Independence League cost \$2,056.60 each, as against seventy-nine cents for each Republican and eighty-two cents for each Democratic vote. Their excessive cost has been the one thing all primary elections have had in common. The people in the end have to foot the bills, and, as usual, the politicians get the offices.

Direct primaries and preferential votes have not yet succeeded in drawing to the polls more than fifty per cent. of the regular vote. The percentage, in most cases, has fallen much below this. For this reason they have not in any case accomplished their purpose—a full and direct expression of the views of a majority of the people. On this defect is piled the excessive expense in trying to get the vote out at what is practically an extra election. There will have to be many amendments to the direct pri-

maries that have so far been tried before we shall have something that is an improvement over the old method.

Wild Tariff Talk.

THERE has been a lot of wild talk about the tariff. None is wilder than the statement that the Democratic tariff bills passed by the extra session of Congress and vetoed by President Taft would have saved the consumers in this country \$740,000,000 in a year. Daniel C. Roper, chief clerk of the Ways and Means Committee of the House, figures that the tariff tax upon each family averages \$120, and that \$104 of this goes to the beneficiaries of the tariff, principally the manufacturers, and only \$16 to the United States treasury. Now, if it be true that all you need to do is to reduce or take off the tariff to have lower prices, that general statement should find illustration in the schedules where this has been done. Leather was placed on the free list, and this should have meant cheaper shoes. In point of fact, shoes have been higher since leather has been free than they were before.

The old law of supply and demand gets in its work, whatever the tariff may be. It is foolish for tariff reformers to make promises that can't be fulfilled. If the country were placed on a free-trade basis, shops and factories on every hand would be compelled to nail up their doors, thousands would be without employment, and, even were the bottom to drop out of the price of necessities, this would not be of any advantage to the jobless laborer without his weekly pay envelope.

Life-insurance Suggestions.

[NOTICE.—This department is intended for the information of readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY. No charge is made for answers to inquiries regarding life-insurance matters, and communications are treated confidentially. A stamp should always be inclosed, as a personal reply is sometimes deemed advisable. Address Insurance Editor, LESLIE'S WEEKLY, Brunswick Building, 225 Fifth Avenue, Madison Square, New York.]

SCARCELY any wage-earner has a right to aver that the cost of the transaction stands in the way of his taking out a life-insurance policy. With due effort, most all workers could manage to pay the premium on some amount of life insurance, be it greater or less. Only a few cents a day are needed to make at least a limited provision for one's dependents in case of one's death. A leading insurance company is prepared to issue to a man, twenty-one years of age, an ordinary life policy for \$1,000 at a cost of about five cents a day, a twenty-year-payment policy for the same amount for about eight cents a day, or a twenty-year endowment policy for about thirteen cents a day. At the age of twenty-five, these policies could be carried by the insured for something like seven, ten or fourteen cents per day respectively; at the age of thirty-five, for eight, eleven or fourteen cents; at forty, for nine, twelve or fifteen cents, and at forty-five, for eleven, thirteen or sixteen cents. Even at the last-named age, it would require but trifling daily self-denial to meet the premium, and this low cost would be reduced by the annual dividends. In view of these facts, it is amazing that so many men postpone, until a more convenient financial day, the imperative duty of insuring their lives for the benefit of their wives and children.

R. So. Windham, Me.: The Northwestern Mutual Life is a strong, prosperous company. Its twenty-year policy is one of the best.

W. Grandville, N. Y.: The New York Mutual Life is one of the strongest of the old conservative companies. There is no question as to its responsibility.

R. Minneapolis: Your conclusion to drop your assessment insurance in view of the advancing rates and to go into an old-line company is commendable. The State Mutual of Worcester, Mass., is one of the oldest of the New England companies and is well regarded.

L. Ft. Atkinson, Wis.: The Bankers Life Association of Des Moines and the Macabees are both assessment associations. For reasons I have frequently given, I do not recommend assessment insurance. It may look cheaper at the beginning but is more expensive in the end. If you drop a policy in an assessment plan it is worth little or nothing. If you have one in an old-line company, it grows more valuable the longer you keep it. The failures of the fraternal associations tell their own story.

Inexpensive, Buffalo, N. Y.: The cheapest old-line policy is probably that offered by the Postal Life. Its dividend guarantee is large because it does away with expensive agents at high commissions, and deals directly with its patrons by mail. A policy in the Postal Life at your age would cost you less than forty cents a week, and the dividends would lessen the cost from year to year. State your age, write to the Postal Life Insurance Company, New York City, and ask for particulars of their low cost policy, with guaranteed dividends.

Hermit

If Mercury and Air Didn't Go Up Fountain Pens Wouldn't Leak

WHEN mercury in a thermometer gets warm it goes up.

When air in a fountain pen gets warm in your pocket it goes up too—up the feed tube.

Now, this "going up" habit of air is what makes all the ink-smearing trouble.

It happens like this: When you set an ordinary fountain pen in your pocket, point up, some lazy ink stays up in the feed tube—won't all run down.

Up goes the heated air through the inky feed tube, pushing the lazy ink up and out, all over the writing end of the pen.

Now, George S. Parker, of Janesville, Wisconsin, said: "I'll get all the ink down out before the heated air goes up."

So he invented a curved feed tube, which bends and touches the barrel wall. This touch sucks all ink out of the feed tube and drops it in the reservoir below the instant you set a Parker Pen in your pocket.

That is what makes it impossible for air to force ink out on the writing end of a Parker Pen.

The curved feed tube is called the Lucky Curve, and that queer force, Capillary Attraction, which makes a sugar lump suck coffee, is what sucks the ink out of the Lucky Curve.

Parker Pens write smooth as glass, for the ink pens are pointed with hardest Iridium. And the Parker Spear Head Ink Controller never allows any blotting or skipping.

PARKER FOUNTAIN PEN

Standard Style Parker Lucky Curve Fountain Pens, \$1.50 to \$25.00, according to size and ornamentation.

New Parker Jack Knife Safety Pen won't leak in any position. Carry it upside down in pocket of your white vest. Pen knife size for lady's purse. Prices \$2.50 up.

New Parker Disappearing Clip grips like a snapping turtle, but slides back into its shell when you want to write.

Dealers sell Parkers on 10 days' trial. If unsatisfactory your money quickly refunded.

If your dealer doesn't keep Parkers, send us his name. We'll send you catalog and fill your order direct. Do it today.

PARKER PEN COMPANY
65 Mill Street, Janesville, Wisconsin
New York Retail Store
11 Park Row, Opposite Post Office

GINSENG

RAISING has made me thousands of dollars on very little capital and my spare time only. It will do the same for you. I'll teach you free and buy all you raise. Worth \$6 a lb. now. Yields about 5000 lbs. to the acre. Write for my easy natural method.

T. H. SUTTON, 830 Sherwood Ave., Louisville, Ky.



"A LIVE WIRE"
By ROLF ARMSTRONG

YOU will find just the pictures you want to decorate your den, in the Judge Art Print Catalogue.

There are just dozens of charming creations by famous artists—a great variety of subjects at prices ranging from 25c to \$2.50.

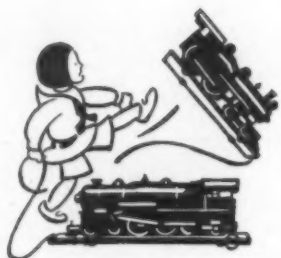
Send 10c for Judge Art Print Catalogue containing reproductions of the Judge Art Print Series.

JUDGE
225 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

COUPON
JUDGE, New York.
Enclosed find 10c. for which please send me the Art Print Catalogue.

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....

Advertising of Advertising—
A Series of Weekly Talks
No. 35

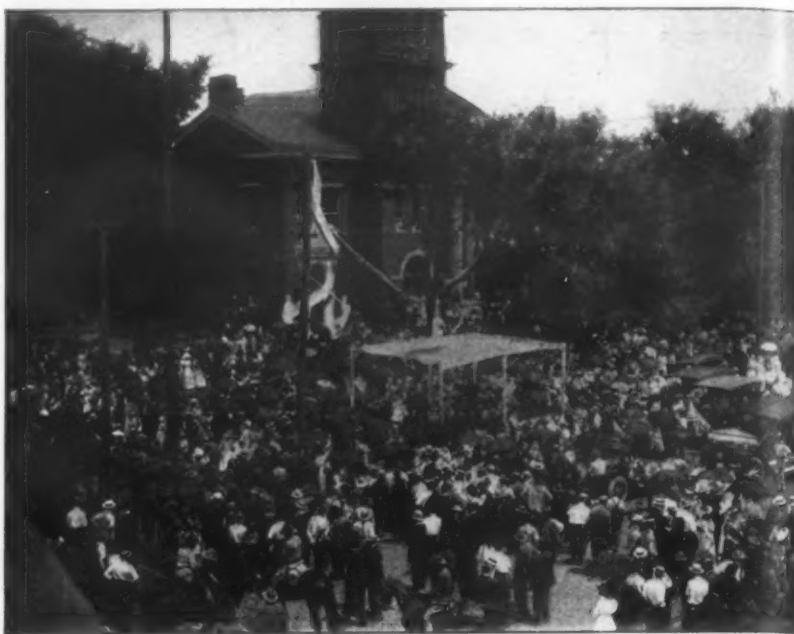


The Spur

ADVERTISING sets new standards to be lived up to. It gives a spur to improvement. Ten years ago one of the Eastern railroads had a locomotive which became famous for its speed, it was a marvel of its time. To-day that locomotive is replaced by a monster, costing nearly twice as much. And what of the old locomotive? It is spending its last days—that ten year older—I'm almost ashamed to tell you, pulling an ordinary old milk train. Turn this over in your mind. Advertising set the standard to be lived up to. Therein lies the spur to improve the service for your benefit.

Allan Hoffmann

Late Happenings of Interest



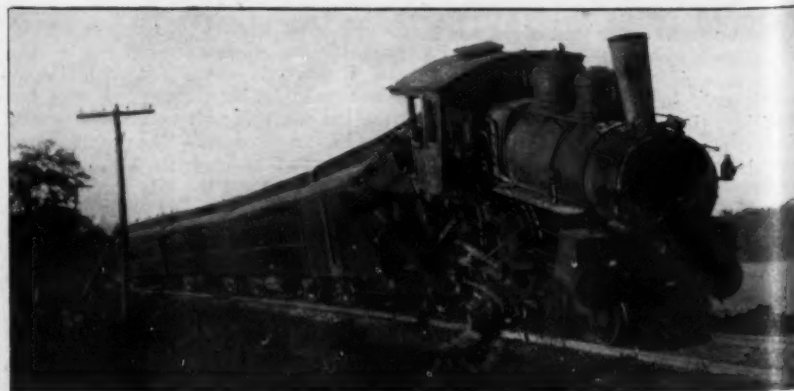
SOUTHERN HEROES HELD IN REMEMBRANCE.
Unveiling of a Confederate monument at Columbus, Miss. Governor Earl Brewer delivering the address. The ceremonies were participated in, for the first time, by Federal troops. The latter were attending the encampment of the Mississippi National Guard.



THE PRESIDENT'S CHILDREN "SEEING AMERICA FIRST."
Miss Helen Taft (at right), her brother Robert (at left) and a party starting on ponies for a tour of Glacier National Park, Uncle Sam's new national playground, in Montana. The party camped in the park for three weeks. One of its number, Miss Elizabeth Vincent, of Minneapolis, was thrown from a horse and injured.



A FIERCE FIRE IN BUFFALO, N. Y.
Firemen fighting the flames which destroyed the large establishment of the Cyphers Incubator Company, with a loss of \$100,000. The fire was a stubborn one and threatened valuable adjacent property. Five companies of firemen narrowly escaped being buried by the falling walls of the burning building.



DISASTROUS CLASH ON THE RAILS.
Battered appearance of a passenger train after a head-on collision with the fast mail train from Chicago, five miles from Bedford, Ind. The accident was due to the failure of one of the trains to make a siding.

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REMARKABLE ROCK FORMATION IN TEXAS.

Eagle Rock in Tule Canyon, in the Lone Star State. Although the public generally thinks of Texas as purely a prairie country, the State contains some of the most majestic scenery in America, and this will some day attract hosts of tourists. Tule Canyon is a gorge of great depth and length, impressing all beholders.



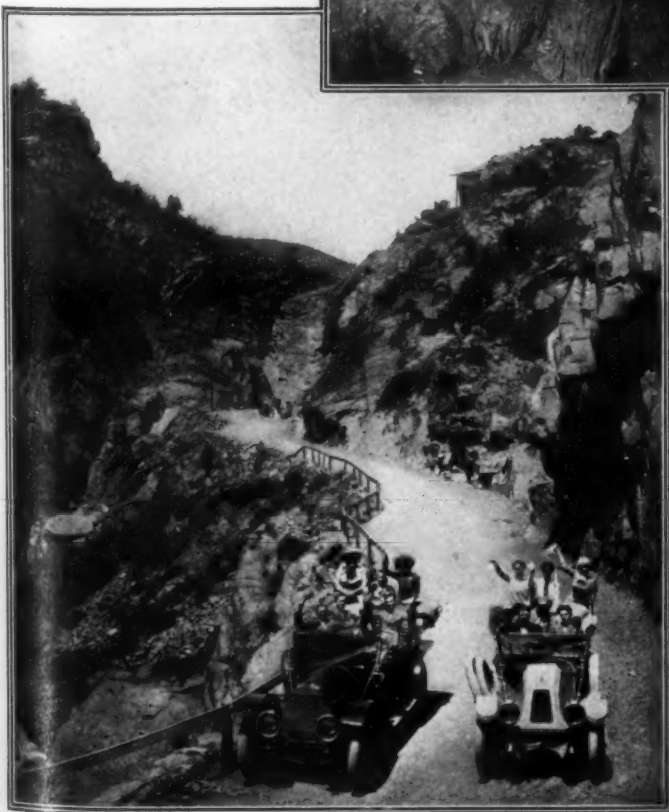
BRIDGING A BIG CHASM IN OREGON.

The Oregon Trunk Railroad bridge over the Crooked River in central Oregon is 320 feet high and 340 feet long, and is said to be the highest railroad bridge constructed entirely in the United States. There are some higher railroad bridges in this country, but they extend into Mexico.



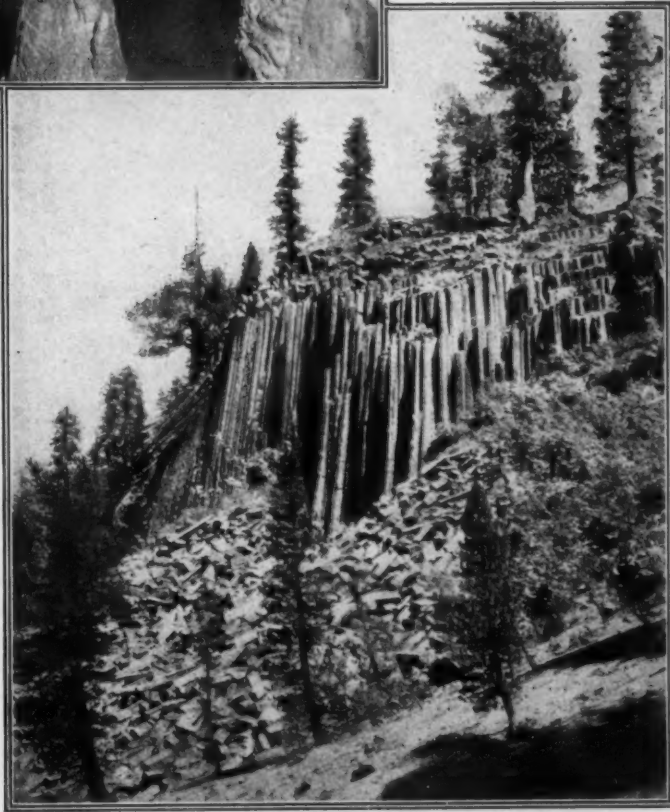
IMPRESSIVE GROTTOS OF THE SHENANDOAH.

View in Jackson's Hall, Weyers Cave, at Grottoes, Va., 200 feet underground, showing the natural bridge (at right) which, including abutments, has a 100-foot span. It is suspended between the floor and the roof, and is twenty feet wide. The Tower of Babel (on left), thirty feet high and eighty feet in circumference, is said to be the largest stalagmite in the world. The tower's walls are fluted and it terminates in a corniced crown of surpassing beauty. Jackson's Hall also contains other wonderful formations, including Cleopatra's Needle, the Lady Chapel, the Ostrich Curtains, the Gigantic Oyster Shells, the Glacier, Snow Hill, Coral Ridge, etc.



A FINE AUTOMOBILING ROAD IN THE ROCKIES.

Motor cars going through Ute Pass, near Manitou, Col., on a road recently rebuilt by convict labor. This is part of the central Colorado transcontinental highway, known as Lincoln Highway. It follows closely ancient Ute trails.



A MARVELOUS CLIFF OF COLUMNAR BASALT.

The Devil's Post Pile, in the Sierra National Forest, California. The columns show a maximum vertical length of fifty feet above the fragments. The ends of the posts show evidence of glacial action. Each winter's frost throws down portions of the outer columns.



**ORDER THIS FLOUR
THE REST
IS EASY**

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Gold Medal Flour
extraordinary
pains are taken
that the baking
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troubled about
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Flour and find
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GOLD MEDAL FLOUR is sifted ten times through fine silk cloth made especially for the purpose. If you would like a small piece of this cloth to examine its fine mesh and know the great care we use in this respect, we will send a little clipping to you by mail provided request is received before Jan. 1st, 1913.

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